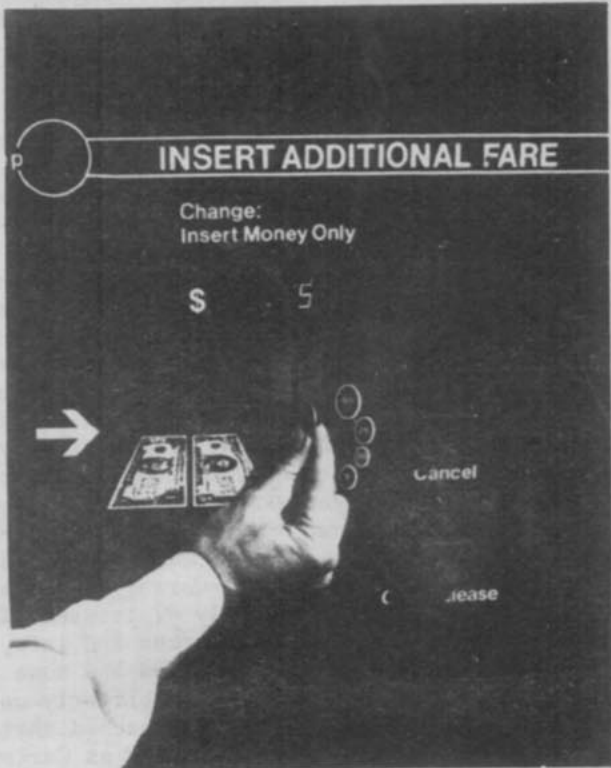


ESTABLISHED 1966. ONE OF AMERICA'S OLDEST ALTERNATIVE NEWSPAPERS



WE had been thinking about providing our readers with complete instructions on how to use Metro's new Farecard system. But they're eight pages long and we ran out of space. You're on your own, gentle reader. Remember to keep your farecard away from magnets (it'll erase all your money), don't let it get wet and do not fold or bend it. It's your friend. Guard it well and it will guide you through Lutz's Labyrinth for up to 20 trips. For a final message from Metro, see photo above.

## The myth of downtown

## Power(utilities) to the people

## Swampoodle Returns!



THE 'NEW' OMNIBUS FEDERAL CRIME BILL

NATIONAL NEWS STARTS ON PAGE 17



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# letters, comment & alarms

## HOW TO DEAL WITH UNEMPLOYMENT

PRESIDENT CARTER and the leaders of six other countries—Canada, France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan and West Germany—have all said that unemployment is their major problem. If the first line of defense against the troubles that can occur in times of high unemployment is making jobs for people, the second line of defense is paying out as many unemployment dollars as possible to those who are entitled to receive them.

Let me offer a suggestion to the government: Hire me to write a manual for approximately 5,000 VISTA volunteers or for the approximately 900 community action agencies funded by the Community Services Administration (the successor to the Office of Economic Opportunity) so one may determine whether an unemployed person is eligible to receive unemployment insurance benefits.

I wrote How to Collect Unemployment Benefits: Complete Information for All 50 States which explains the United States unemployment insurance program in great detail. The U.S. Dept. of Labor said in Manpower (August, 1975), "This book is a valuable tool for unemployed workers to learn about their rights and responsibilities."

Approximately 30 countries have unemployment compensation programs. I can advise other countries on how to write a book similar to my own.

Although being unemployed has its advantages, I will gladly trade my unemployment checks for secure employment, salary negotiable.

RAYMOND AVRUTIS

## AFFLUENT EFFLUENT IN ROCK CREEK

FEW persons noted an item buried on the inside of the April 27 Washington Post. The fact that real estate developers are building a private sewage plant in Rockville that will open next year made the first page. The fact that it will discharge into Rock Creek, and thus into the District and Rock Creek Park, the nation's leading stream valley urban park, was only mentioned as an afterthought, deep on the inside. The plant is intended to permit \$500 million of construction in upper Montgomery County. Because this area is poorly served by public transit, people who live, work and shop there will use 20 to 40 million gallons of gasoline per year.

No sewage treatment plant is able to kill viruses. It appears that the Rock Creek plant will not be designed to remove nitrogen, a plant nutrient; detergents; or pesticides. The legality of the plant is questionable because of inadequate notice to citizens, the National Park Service, and the District government, of plans to obtain the permit. For these reasons the federal and District of Columbia governments should devote the necessary legal resources to investigating and stopping this plant.

One of the reasons why the proposed Dickerson sewage plant in Montgomery County was rejected was because it would dump its effluent into the Potomac upstream of the D.C. drinking water intake. Health professionals verify that chlorine, heat, and other treatments, only kill bacteria, and not all of them. Viruses cannot be killed because they are covered with a tough protective membrane. Viruses cause hepatitis, influenza, and many other diseases.

Charlotte Gannett of the Montgomery Environmental Council states that the plant will contain about ten times the amount of nitrogen as is legal to be dumped into the Potomac. Chemicals used to remove other undesirable chemicals often create still other problems. She personally believes the best treatment for sewage is to dump it on protected areas of land. She particularly believes that it is not safe to dump effluent in small urban streams.

The manner in which this plant has been started justifies legal investigation. Federal law controls dumping in interstate waters and gives aggrieved states and the District power to sue for abatement. The first news most of the public received of the Rock Creek plant was in the Post article. The Montgomery County Council approved the plan in April 1975. The E.P.A. issued a permit through the state of Maryland. Several additional permits are needed, but are not identified in the article. The Rock Creek plant was approved because of lack of citizen opposition. Citizen opposition killed plans for a similar private plant in the White Oak region. Developers plan to build other private sewage plants if this effort is successful. Charles Dalrymple, the attorney for the developers, is quoted as saying no obstacles remain that could halt the project, and that "We've had a zillion hearings on this bloody thing."

National Park Service and District officials responsible for water pollution control, however, told the writer they never heard of the plan before it was approved. Whether

the approval was intentional is doubtful. It was made a part of a process approving a ten year county plan. It is hard to believe that residents of the wealthy sections of Montgomery County through which Rock Creek flows could have known of this, and not opposed it.

TED PRAHINSKI  
Commissioner, ANC 4A

## AMNESTY

THE American Academy of Psychoanalysis met in Toronto this spring for their annual meetings and closed their sessions with a panel on draft resisters, draft evaders and deserters. Toronto has been a major center for American exiles and this is definitely a problem that Canadians have dealt with more than Americans. One major impression was that most Americans view the war as over; a period of even a decade in Canada is not traumatic theoretically because Canada is so like the United States. However an involuntary leaving of one's home country is clearly a trauma. This superimposed with a criminal status and the great difficulty of adjusting to a new and rather unwelcoming country leaves the thousands of young men and the women that accompanied them in difficult circumstances.

For most of us peace has come and we tend to think all exiles are being nicely taken care of by Carter's amnesty plan. For some this is definitely true. Carter's plan has many exiles euphoric, but some are deeply distressed. The deserters, those who were in the armed forces and left, still must face military panels to be cleared and some potentially face sentences. This is seen as bitterly unfair now that a general agreement has been reached that the war was a tragic mistake. Exiles view this as Carter's tradeoff to the military for his amnesty for evaders.

Furthermore there is grave concern that the "Pentagon phase" of the amnesty plan which is of utmost importance to many deserters exiled in Sweden and abroad may never be publicized there enough to reach the men involved. Even Canada has not been saturated with the news, despite efforts of Amex-Canada and other publications.

Many of the exiles have made mature adjustments and found a way to proceed successfully with their lives. Informal reports indicate that it has been rough. Many have had parents die and been unable to be with them in their last days, been unable to attend funerals and have found family relationships badly torn. Many remain in a sense men without a country, and will probably retain that alienated feeling for the remainder of their lives. Canada's neutrality has been helpful by and large, and it appears that without our gentle neighbor to the north our national crisis might have been even worse, but it definitely seems time to set our own house straight, upgrade "bad discharges" that were given in response to anti-war activities, forgive deserters, and even refuse to accept appointments of men who shaped and prolonged that war to future high offices.

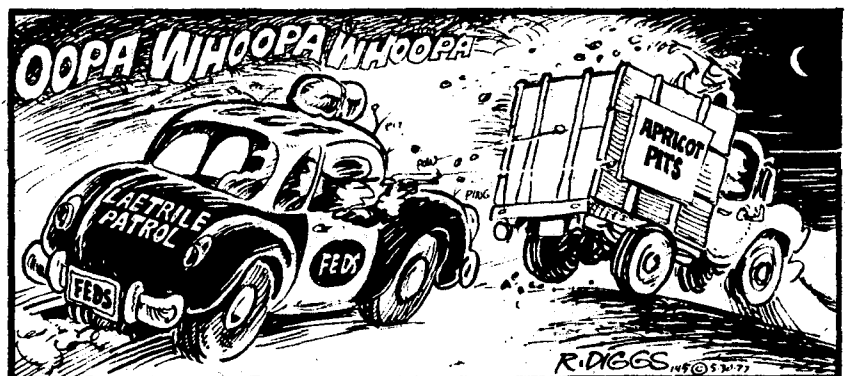
CLARISSA WITTENBERG

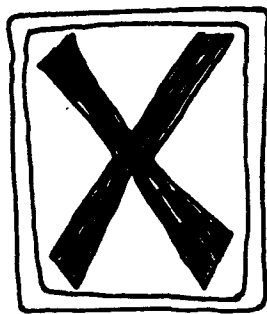
## RENT CONTROL

DURING the last three years while single family home assessments have gone up 90.6%, from 2.2 billion to 4.2 billion, multi-family apartments have declined 15.31% from 1.45 billion to 1.23 billion; yet 2/3rds of the D.C. population lives in multi-family housing.

Rent control is the primary reason for this reduction because owners have not been allowed to pass on operating increases sufficiently to tenants. Last year, for example, a survey done for the City Housing Department by the Development Economic Associates showed that garden apartments in the District (which make up 2/3rds of the rental stock) suffered cost increases of 9.2% yet were allowed only 5.2% rent increases.

Rent control has been in effect since 1971 either at the





**VOTE**  
**JULY 19**  
**1977**

# HILDA MASON

for COUNCIL of the DISTRICT of COLUMBIA

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DIFFERENCE

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for the COUNCIL OF THE  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA



I have been in your service as a teacher in the D.C. public schools as a counselor and as an assistant principle. I have been on the picket lines for equal rights. I have been elected as a member of the D.C. Board of Education and re-elected to office by the voters whom I served. I have fought for the right of real self-government through statehood for all of us who live in this beleaguered city. I offer myself as a candidate to continue my work on the D.C. City Council which I have taken up since my appointment this past April following the death of Julius Hobson. I ask for your vote and help based on my substantial history of public involvement and on my previous service as an elected official of the government of the District of Columbia.

I believe that the voters of the District of Columbia want to build on -- not destroy -- to increase -- not threaten -- the stability of our government which is coming of age. I believe that the voters will require that the person elected July 19th be the candidate with a record of stability, service, a record of sensitivity to the concerns of all the people of the District, be they black or white, English- or Spanish-speaking, poor or affluent, old or young, and without regard to sex or party affiliation. I am that candidate.

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PHONE: 347 - 2906 JULIUS MACK, TREASURER

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- CALL YOUR FRIENDS TO TELL THEM YOU SUPPORT HILDA MASON, WILL THEY?
- THEN CALL CAMPAIGN HEAD-QUARTERS TO GIVE US YOUR NAME and THEIRS.
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- YOU CAN PUT UP POSTERS.
- MONEY IS IMPORTANT -- WE NEED YOUR MONEY SUPPORT AND WE NEED YOU TO INVITE PEOPLE TO FUND RAISING EVENTS.
- WE NEED YOU TO WORK AT THE POLLS.
- CAN YOU SHAKE HANDS? HILDA'S SUPPORTERS HAVE A GOOD CANDIDATE TO TELL THE VOTERS ABOUT.
- ARE YOU GOING TO BE OUT OF TOWN JULY 19th? CALL US FOR INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET AN ABSENTEE BALLOT. HOW ABOUT YOUR FRIENDS?
- THE NAME OF THE GAME IS CONTACTING VOTERS. REMEMBER (tell everybody else too) THAT ANY REGISTERED VOTER CAN VOTE FOR HILDA MASON ON JULY 19th REGARDLESS OF THEIR PARTY REGISTRATION.
- CONTACT ANY VOTER YOU KNOW, TO VOTE FOR --



# HILDA MASON

for COUNCIL of the DISTRICT of COLUMBIA

**Call 347-2906**



federal or city level and during that time there have been allowed a total of 19.7% in rent increases. During the same period, rental building costs have gone up over 51.6% according to the U.S. Department of Labor, and the consumer price index has risen 49.2%.

There are hardship provision in the law which permit an owner to raise rents to a point where he should make an 8% return on his assessed valuation plus 2% for depreciation. But there are 3 "catch 22's" in this hardship process:

- It takes 6 to 8 months to process an application and the backlog is increasing,
- Rent increase is given only after costs are incurred and thus it can take two years before increased costs can be recaptured,
- The 8% + 2% is not profit. Owners must pay all their interest and amortization from that sum.

The rent control formula contained in our law is the harshest rent control in the United States, and the process has resulted in lower incomes which, in turn, lower building values and this in turn lowers the assessment. However, since the assessment depends upon the income stream, this is lowered when the income is lowered, and thus, on the next go around, the owner can earn even less money.

The city report on the effect of rent controls stated the problem succinctly. "In the computation of net income in D.C., debt service is not included as an expense nor is it deductible in other category from gross income. It is expected that contributions to debt service come under the 8% return on the assessed value... Using a proforma operating statement for typical apartment buildings and based on the analysis of operating experience, the 8% maximum rate of return as permitted in the District is generally found to be adequate to cover debt service, even in the most heavily mortgaged buildings. However, the average return on investment is far below what is necessary to attract venture capital. With return on investment limited to 8% before debt service, investors have shifted capital to investments of comparable risk which generally yield a minimum of 10% to 15% on equity, i.e. after an allowance for debt service."

The handwriting is clearly on the wall as to where multi-family housing profits are headed, and the banks of D.C. have clearly read it. They have stated as a result that they will make no new loans on rent control properties or on new housing that will fall under rent control, once built. Thus we are effectively redlined, and as a result, according to the city report on rent control, "New non-subsidized multi-family housing and residential development in the District has been at a virtual standstill since 1973. Since then no non-subsidized multi-family building permits have been issued."

Washington is not the first to suffer tax losses due to rent control. Let me quote you some excerpts of reports done on other cities on this subject:

- In my opinion, based upon the market analysis, the values of property in Cambridge, Mass. have been adversely affected by rent control. When apartment rent increases are sufficient to absorb increased operating costs, then values have to decline. (Charles R. Laverty, Jr. Principal Assessor, Cambridge, Mass. Fall, 1976)
- In addition, multi-family structures have begun to decrease in value. For example, the median sales price per unit of rental housing in 1971 is \$8,750. In 1972, since the adoption of rent control, the median sales price for rental housing uses was \$7,791. Further, the median sales price for 1973 was \$7,763. (From "The Analysis and Impact of Rent Control Program in Lynn, Mass. by the Office of Mayor David L. Phillips)
- Mayor Kevin White commenting on rent control in February, 1976; "It stinks." "Rent control now has reached the point where it is inhibiting the housing market."

In short, the data is crystal clear. Rent control is not just an issue between owners and tenants. It affects every homeowner in the District as well by eroding the tax base and by causing tax delinquencies. The effect of this erosion is to throw a heavier burden on the homeowner for providing property taxes. Here in Washington, the reduction of 221.7 million of assessed valuation of multi-family buildings has caused an annual tax loss of 4.1 million a year from rent control buildings. Had these apartment buildings gone up in value one-half as fast as single family homes, there would have been an \$11 million increase or a total difference of over \$15 million which would be sufficient to lower the present tax rate to \$.65 this year.

We of the apartment house industry call upon DC homeowners to join us in demanding a phasing out of rent control when the present rent control law expires in July, by decontrolling apartments which become vacant.

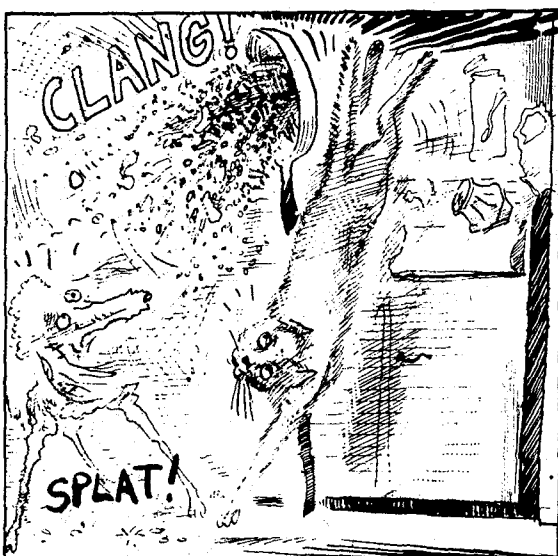
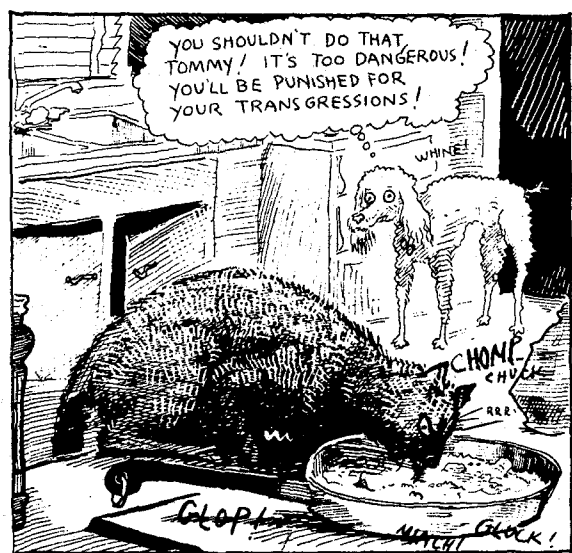
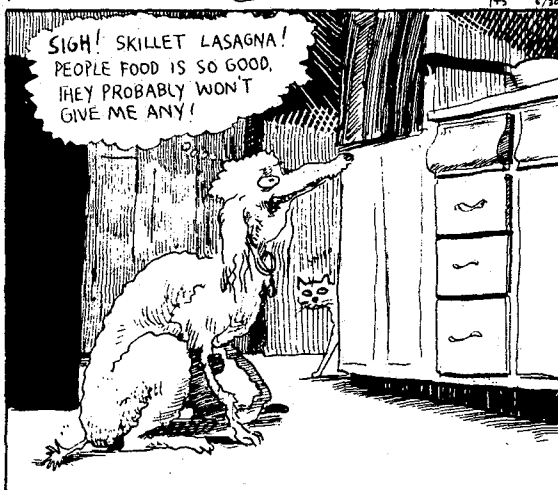
Boston, Prince Georges County, Montgomery County and many other jurisdictions have chosen this method as the best way out of rent control. It will not result in massive rent increases. In Montgomery County rents have risen only 9% in vacated apartments since the vacancy decontrol became effective last July. We also ask that you join us in demanding the decontrol of luxury apartments. There is absolutely no justification for forcing owners to subsidize the rich. do just that

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## DORMAN'S DOGGIE

"People Food"

by Foolbert Sturgeon



# dc eye

THE WASHINGTON ASSOCIATION for Television and Children has analyzed children's programs of the local television stations. Some of its findings are:

Least amount of children's programs: WRC, WMAL  
Most sexual stereotyping: WTTG  
Most violence in children's shows: WDCA  
Most children's program-mining: WETA

FROM ANOTHER broadcast study, this one done at American University, come some interesting stats on local all-news radio:

Most local news: WAVA  
Least local news: WRC  
Most number of national stories per hour: WRC  
Most time spent on commercials: WTOP  
Least time spent on commercials: WAVA  
Most sports: WTOP  
Least sports: WRC

LOCAL FANS of the Neighborhood Planning Councils are furious the way the city ran recent elections for NPC office. They see the foul-ups as a part of an attempt to kill of the youth groups.

IT TOOK us years to find a good school superintendent. Now that we've got one, the council and mayor seemed determined to give him a trial by financial fire. Not only are the schools faced with a hiring freeze, but they've had to cut out most summer school classes and the purchase of new equipment and books for next year. Education is getting a declining percentage of the budget. And the District Building seems remarkably indifferent.

DANGEROUS IDEAS are always lurking in the letters columns. Witness a dispatch to the Post from a woman complaining about joggers running silently past pedestrians. Said the writer: "I believe we ought to bell joggers. They could be asked to wear tiny bronze bells like reindeer or cows. The city could provide bells for a fee, which money it appears to need." You have been warned. Emergency legislation from William Spaulding may be next.

THEY WERE HAVING fits in city hall when the DC auditor's office produced the startling information that taxes on the top twenty properties in DC as of 1974 had actually gone down an average of 2% over a four year period. Here are some of the changes in assessments that occurred during this period. (Note: because of changes in tax

rates beneficial to businesses, a 16% increase in assessment during this period still produces a drop in actual taxes paid):

WATERGATE: Assessment up only 12% in four years  
VAN NESS CENTER: Up 1%  
WASHINGTON POST BUILDING: Down .02%  
SHERATON PARK: Down .03%  
STATLER HILTON: No change  
4000 MASS. AVE: Down 9%  
MAYFLOWER: Down .03%  
NATIONAL PRESS BUILDING: Down 14%

The tax windfall wasn't limited to the biggies. In Cleveland Park, with a Metro stop under construction and rents rising rapidly on Conn. Ave., business assessments went up only 8% in the past two years. Other neighborhoods show a similar pattern. Walter has some explaining to do.

GOOD NEWS ON THE TRANSPORTATION FRONT: The Department of Transportation is starting experimental jitney service in Anacostia, serving an area of 24,000. Although there have been a number of dial-a-ride failures in this area, jitney-type operations have fared better, requiring a level of subsidy that transit experts consider reasonable. For example, the Downtowner minibus loses only 11¢ a rider despite a 25¢ fare. The University of Maryland shuttle loses 18¢; Georgetown University's GLUT

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EDITOR: Sam Smith  
ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Anne Chase  
ARCHITECTURAL CRITIC: John Wiebenson.

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# Washington Gas

WASHINGTON GAS LIGHT COMPANY



loses 37¢ and the Takoma-Park-Silver Spring Ride-On loses 46¢. All of these compare favorably with Metro-bus deficits. The subway, with its \$2-3 a rider subsidy, is another story.

WIT AND WISDOM OF BARBARA SIMMONS (responding to complaints about her hogging Board of Education travel funds): "Some of these people who to to meetings just sit there like a sponge and use up the oxygen. Every place I've been to I've made a speech." Glub, glub.

THE BEN GILBERT LAND COMPANY has been assuring everyone that Chinatown will be enhanced by the convention center. They've even convinced some of the Chinatown leaders. But the demographics tell a different story. 1970 figures show less than 5% of Chinatown owner-occupied. Ninety-two percent of the families there in 1969 had incomes under \$5000. Gilbert & Co. haven't explained how they plan

to maintain Chinatown as a low rent district.

THE POLITICAL CONFUSION over property taxes is compounding. First Marion Barry switched from an across-the-board cut in the tax rate to favoring a homeowner's exemption of \$6000 of assessed value. This would give everyone a break (on a percentage basis favoring lower priced homes), and reinstitute some differential between commercial and residential taxes. Then the mayor, who had picked up on Barry's original idea, came out with a proposal for a liberalized circuit-breaker, which his people claim would benefit those who need it most unlike Barry's shotgun approach. Actually, both concepts have merit as far as they go. But remember: for all the hue and cry, the property tax "reform" being discussed is the equivalent of about 1% of the city's budget. If you really want to reform taxes here, the best place to start is to cut expenditures...Now here's a piece of property tax esoteria we didn't discover until last month. If the city council wanted to reduce property taxes all it would have to do is: nothing. This is because, by law, unless the council acts the city's property tax rate is automatically adjusted to bring in the same amount of money as the previous year (less new construction). This is called a calculated rate. If the council failed to act, the tax rate would fall from \$1.83 to the calculated rate of \$1.56 automatically. Politicians on both sides of the District Building have blithely ignored this and talked about "lowering" the tax rate when in fact they were proposing a tax rate considerably higher than the calculated rate. The calculated rate concept is one introduced by Florida and picked up here, basically to get assessors off the hook when they raise assess-

ments. But in Florida, assessors are elected whereas here they work for the mayor and hardly anybody wants to talk about the calculated rate.

IVY CITY is a NE neighborhood of only 1800 and with a 16% youth unemployment rate. But it is one of 24 communities and villages around the world taking part in a program called the Human Development Project. It's an idea sponsored by the Institute of Cultural Affairs; the purpose is build social and economic revitalization and self-sufficiency. It started last October when fifty consultants from all over the world spent two weeks working with community residents to, as described in a recent issue of DC Democratic Economics, "discern the vision the community has for itself, the contradictions blocking this vision and writing proposals and tactics to meet these challenges. The result was a 150-page document laying out a detailed four year plan of community renewal." Effects are being felt. A community-owned print shop has opened. A community-owned market is providing low cost produce and dry goods two days a week. There's a new pre-school, a youth mobilization corps, and a beautification league-which has weekly clean up days and is planning two "mini-parks." Headquarters for all this activity is the Ivy City Human Development Club, 2010 Kendall St. NE (529-0411).

THE AWARD FOR SEMANTIC REVISIONISM IN HIGH PLACES for this month goes to the Department of Housing which intends to give several hundred thousand dollars in community block grant funds designated for neighborhood planning to the potential developer of the Buzzard's Point area. Neighborhood activists are incensed.

#### "FIGHT THE FOOD TAX"



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## BACK ISSUES

WE STILL HAVE BACK COPIES of issues that contain articles people are asking for. Send 60¢ for each copy desired to the DC Gazette, 1739 Conn. Ave. NW, DC 20009.

( ) OCTOBER 1976: THE ZONING GAME; ALTERNATIVE TRANSIT PART I

( ) NOVEMBER 1976: ALTERNATIVE TRANSIT PART II; Flotsam & Jetsam: ON CHILDREN

( ) DECEMBER 1976: HOW TO CUT PROPERTY TAXES; Flotsam & Jetsam: ON FOOTBALL

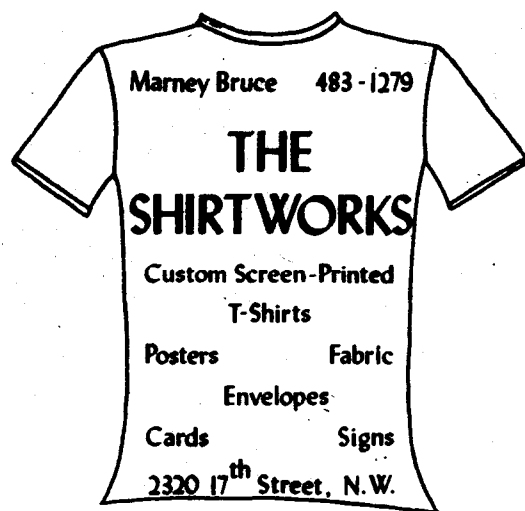
( ) FEBRUARY 1977: THE CONVENTION CENTER; WHO'S WHO IN THE DC LAND GRAB

( ) JANUARY 1977: Flotsam & Jetsam: ON MUSIC

( ) MARCH 1977: Flotsam & Jetsam: ON WEIGHTLIFTING & JOGGING

( ) APRIL 1977: DC UNIVERSITY; PROPERTY TAX ASSESSMENTS; METRO HITS US AGAIN; THE STATE BANK IDEA; HOW TO REALLY SAVE ENERGY; Flotsam & Jetsam: ON AL VELUCCI & THE CAMBRIDGE CITY COUNCIL

( ) The convention center; Sidney Lens on the fall of the labor movement; Flotsam & Jetsam on the problem with power. May 1977



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WORD IS THAT THE FAA scattered flights out of National in recent weeks to find out if people affected would complain of the noise. The scattered approach plan is causing rising concern in a number of DC neighborhoods. And Leslie Logan of the Arlington Civic Assn., says it's "an effort to divide and conquer citizens of the Washington area. The real solution to the National noise problem is to divert planes to Washington's primary jet airport-Dulles." Woodley Park neighborhood commissioner Lindsley Williams offered this thought, commenting on official references to average noise levels: "What bothers people are the peaks not the averages. If the sound my alarm clock makes were averaged, it wouldn't wake me up."

FIRST JULIUS. Then Jack Sessions. And now public education in DC has lost another long and good friend. Nancy Harrison was for nine years president and then executive director of DC Citizens for Better Public Education, a group which had a militant concern for the facts that served as support for those engaged in more visible agitation for better schools. Generous with her energy and her money, Nancy Harrison made this city a better place in ways known and little known. She was one of our finest.

METRO WAS SUPPOSED TO PROVE that regionalism could work. As long as the money flowed it did. Now that Metro is on the rocks, its constituent officials are rediscovering their constituents. One of them told the Post the other day: "Don't talk to me about regional responsibility. Every vote I got came from my jurisdiction, not the region, and my jurisdiction wants lower property taxes." Well, there goes the region.

THE ARCHITECT OF THE CAPITOL has his eye on 2.5 million more square feet of space on Capitol Hill. That's three times the size of the White Flint Shopping Center. Architect George White is getting assistance on the master plan from David Wallace, a planner from Philadelphia, who in his first report has endeared himself to Hillites by speaking of the houses on New Jersey Avenue as "inappropriate mixed use" in a development area and of the inappropriate "juxtaposition" of the Madison Memorial Library and the fine old houses across the street. They never learn.

COUNCILMEMBER JOHN T. WILSON has introduced legislation that would provide a \$5 million pool to help low and moderate income residents buy property. Wilson points out that most unrestored properties in transition neighborhoods are selling for between \$12,000-\$20,000 and that a monthly mortgage on such a house would be roughly equivalent to the rent presently being paid. While these houses would have to be fixed up, Wilson also notes that the federal community development grant to this city provides \$6.5 million for 3% rehabilita-

tion loans. At present these loans go to landlords but if the city would finance the purchase of the homes low and moderate income residents could benefit as homeowners.

POLLY SHACKLETON AND MARION BARRY have introduced legislation that calls on Congress to double the federal payment to DC. Sounds like a lot, but here are the Barry-Shackleton calculations on what the feds should be paying for:

- Federal property real estate tax exemptions: \$126.5 million.
  - Real estate tax exemptions for foreign owned property and property exempted by special act of Congress: \$6.7 million.
  - The federal restriction against a non-resident income tax costs us \$224.4 million a year.
  - Income tax exemptions to presidential and congressional appointees: \$3.2 million.
  - Non-property tax exemptions for diplomatic personnel: \$8.8 million.
  - Revenue loss because of federal restrictions on taxation of military personnel: \$19 million.
  - Business tax revenue opportunities lost because commercial land is occupied by the federal government: \$68.9 million
- To these figures, Shackleton and Barry add intangible items such as revenues lost because of the federally-imposed height limitation and expenses incurred because the city's pay scale is keyed to the federal one. They figure it will all add up to \$600 million by FY 1979.

CHEERS FOR THE CITY COUNCIL'S passage of initiative and recall legislation. Under the bill, five percent of the registered voter in five wards could put initiative and referendum

items on the ballot. Ten percent can trigger a recall vote. While the council exempted tax legislation and the city's operating budget, capital items like the civic center would be subject to referendum review. The bill would also allow issues like the statehood referendum, which the council is currently bottling up, to be brought to the public.

The referendum and recall proposal will be itself subject to a referendum in November. Look for some well-financed opposition.

THE DC COPS have egg on their face for breaking down the door and messing up the home of a resident on P St. NW looking for drugs. Turns out the woman wasn't pushing drugs. She was, however, pushing 102 years old. With some help from Bill Spaulding the woman has gotten the police to agree to pay for damages.

THE ONE HUNDREDTH family has moved into Ft. Lincoln...THE WISCONSIN AVENUE CORRIDOR COMMITTEE has voted to withhold endorsement of the planned convention center pending more information...STERLING'S DONE IT AGAIN. For a guy who has so much control over the city's billion dollar plus budget, he seems to have a hard time keeping his personal finances in order. First there was that trouble with the IRS back before LBJ par-

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## An Endorsement

THE GAZETTE enthusiastically endorses Hilda Mason for the at-large seat that on the city council comes before the voters on July 19.

Hilda Mason, named to the seat following the death of Julius Hobson, has been performing on the council in the manner expected by those who have know of her long and excellent work on the school board. Her style is less flamboyant than that of some in DC politics. Extremely hard working, she knows how to ask the hard questions and find the answers. She eschews rhetoric and grandstanding and goes about the business of seeking ways to improve the city with a quiet strength that has left its impact on movements from the civil rights effort to the cause of better public education. Indicative of Ms. Mason's appeal is the fact that she has attracted significant support for her candidacy from outside the Statehood

Party, including the backing of Marion Barry, Polly Shackleton and Dave Clarke.

We feel it is important that Ms. Mason be returned to her seat on the council. Both her beliefs and her diligence justify it.

It is not easy running for election in the middle of summer with only one seat up for grabs. Washingtonians estivate; even the activists tend to pass the dog days in a state of torpor. But this one's important. Mason is up against, among others, Susan Truitt, former public relations flack for Joseph Yeldell, and Barbara Sizemore, who seems largely interested in promoting herself. Mason has them outclassed but she needs the money and the volunteers to get the word around. Give a hand if you can. (Volunteers can call 347-2906.) Be sure to vote and encourage your friends and neighbors to do so. And if you're going to be out of town, don't forget to get an absentee ballot.

doned him so he could get on the council. Then there was the trust fund set up for his children out of non-profit foundation money, which he renounced after it came to light. Now it appears he has been violating the charter by accepting outside employment at Howard University. That's a no-no punishable by forfeiture of

## Pass it on

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office, but Tucker will probably slip by again, since no one in city hall seems inclined to enforce the law... SPEAKING OF STERLING, he has been circulating a letter around town urging citizens to help him formulate a "Citizen's Agenda" to present to the President's Task Force on the District. Citizens agendas always pop up when someone is running for office, but in this case it's especially ironic since Tucker, Fauntroy and the mayor are the only citizens of DC on the task force.

THE WHITE HOUSE TASK FORCE ON DC is considering several minor changes in the home rule law. One would have the effect of shortening the time that DC acts had to lay over waiting for Congress to decide whether to veto them. Another would take the president out of the legislative process (at present the president can sustain the mayor's veto of council legislation if the council votes to override the mayor). The third provision would allow the city to pass some legislation as rules--not requiring congressional review. And the final change would give the council advice and consent powers in the appointment of local judges.

ON PAGE 289 of Mayor Abe Beame's budget for NYC is a familiar item to DCers: \$6.5 million for planning a new convention center in Manhattan. The Village Voice's Jack Newfield offers some quotes from New York officials that are worth considering here:

THEODORE KHEEL: "I'm against using public money that is so scarce, at this time, to finance a convention center. Public funds should go toward mass transit. If they want to build it, let them use private financing, not public."

COUNCILMAN HENRY STERN: "It's another budget gimmick...He can't be serious about a convention center in this economic climate, when there is no money for schools, libraries, parks, or police protection. I'm not against it in principle. I'm just opposed to public financing at this time."

Also opposing the idea are Congressman Herman Badillo and borough presidents Abrams and Sutton. For it, natch, are David Rockefeller and Felix Rohatyn.

NOT SINCE the middle fifties, when the head of the city's redevelopment program called for the relocation of the poor east of the Anacostia, has a member of the DC power structure been so explicit. But Thornton Owen, chairman of Perpetual, came right out and said it the other day:

"Middle and upper-income groups should be encouraged to move into the District, while steps should be taken to find housing for some of the low and moderate-income groups in the adjacent suburban areas where moderate priced housing is more available."

On a theoretical basis there's something to be said for Owen's position. The city theoretically could buy low and moderate income housing in Gaithersburg (or Peoria for that matter) at considerably less cost than it could build it here. And as a national policy, a housing program that encouraged the dispersal of some of the urban population glut to areas with more employment opportunities makes sense.

But the problem is that reality fails to imitate theory. Reality says that the upper income groups will move back before new low and moderate income housing will be found. Reality says that the low and moderate income groups will be forced out rather than attracted by the advantages of moving. Reality says it will be the blacks in this city who will be moving out and whites moving in. Reality says that there has never been an adequate relocation program for any city development project to date.

Of course, the city has been following Owen's suggestion for a good



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number of years. From Southwest urban renewal to Shaw and the West End, the policy--unstated and always denied--has been to remove people from land that can be more profitably used by someone else.

What happens to these people is of concern to the city only to the extent that organized groups force it to be. We have never noticed Mr. Owen working with any of these groups. Nor have we notice his colleagues significantly improving the supply of low and moderate income housing in the suburbs to attract some of the less affluent of the city.

The truth is that he is no different than other city planners, bureaucrats and businessmen who are willing to spend millions to attract the rich and the white back, but virtually nothing for those who get evicted in the process.

THE COUNCIL'S COMMITTEE ON TRANSPORTATION and Environmental Affairs refused last month to review the Apex Theatre alley closing, which opened the way for a big highrise there. The committee is chaired by Jerry Moore who seems to think his job is to turn over the city's alleys to developers.

ADAMS MORGAN & MT. PLEASANT activists seem to have scared away Arthur Treacher and Holly Farms respectively. But fast food freaks will only have to walk down to Dupont Circle where AT's fish 'n' chips will be available soon. . . NEGOTIATIONS WERE CONTINUING LAST month between Perpetual and Adams-Morgan groups that would involve the dropping of community opposition to a Perpetual branch at 18th & Columbia in return for loan policy concessions to the neighborhood.

WE JOINED OTHER OPPONENTS of the convention center in a couple of long meetings with Walter Fauntroy's staff concerning the AstroDud. The staff indicated that Walter had doubts about the project, wanted to know the facts. We went away. Silence. And then the Delegate's newsletter arrived. The lead: "YES. WE CAN DO IT. The time has come for positive movement on constructing a convention center. . . I will work to expedite the approval of the plans."

Walter, if you want to soft-soap your constituents, do it on your own time, huh?

THE POST'S VENDETTA against the striking pressmen got some help last month from DC corrections officials. Several pressmen, sentenced to a work-release program by Judge Sylvia Bacon, ended up in isolation instead for a couple of days. Bacon reportedly declined to intervene in "the penal process," but council-member Hilda Mason and others did, and the pressmen got out of the lock-up. . . . MEANWHILE, the father of another pressman, who was sentenced to jail, has had another heart attack. The cost of protecting the Post's profits mounts. . . . THE PRESSMEN CONTINUE TO NEED FINANCIAL HELP. Send a contribution to the Local 6 Legal Defense Committee, 12433 Kemmerton Lane, Bowie, Md. 20715.

SAY WHAT YOU WILL about Jerry Ford, at least he let Charlie Halleck's judicial renomination go to the Senate. It hung fire there and was bounced back to Jimmy Carter, who declined to renominate Halleck. Halleck was one of the city's better judges, but his courtroom decorum made him a target of a putsch by the local legal right wing, led by the US attorneys. Following his awful choices for the DC task force, the Halleck decision leaves Carter 0-2 on major DC decisions.

## EARLY WARNINGS

THE National Association of Women Business Owners has published the first directory of women-owned businesses in the Washington/Baltimore area. The 192-page directory lists 1,140 businesses that cover a range of 332 categories.

The top categories numerically are interior designers, real estate firms, management consultants, graphic designers, public relations firms, clothing firms, educational consultants, mental health firms, employment agencies, advertising agencies, counselors and publishers.

Copies may be purchased for \$10 plus 50¢ for postage and handling. Six (6) or more copies for \$9 each. Order from National Association of Women Business Owners, 2000 P St., NW., Washington, DC 20036

WPFW, the Pacific station, on the air fulltime. They need help and if you send in a \$30 regular subscription (\$15 if a student, unemployed or living on a fixed income) they'll send you their program guide, the most recent edition of which makes a fine poster. Write PO Box 28177, Central Station, DC 20005

HILDA MASON has a campaign office, headed up by long time activist Lola Singletary. It's located at 1024 Vermont Ave. NW. The telephone number is 347-2906. Call them up and say you'd like to help.

A NEW handbook for federal and state grand jurors has just been published by the Coalition to End Grand Jury Abuse.

So You're Going To Be a Grand Juror? is intended to serve as a supplement to the various manuals already distributed across the country to newly impanelled jurors.

Copies are available through the Coalition to End Grand Jury Abuse, 105 Second St., NE, Washington, D.C. 20002 at 50¢ each.

THE FIRST CONVENTION of the Washington Alliance for Neighborhood Government brought out more than a hundred people last month. The neighborhood movement is growing here as elsewhere. For more information on how your group can join WANG, write it at 1225 K NW, DC 20005

THE United Planning Organization is offering weatherization services for low-income elderly homeowners at no cost.

Services include attic insulation, installation of storm windows and weather-stripping.

UPO is accepting applications

for weatherization services. The only requirements are that the applicant be a resident of the District of Columbia or Arlington; 60 years or older and meet the federal low-income guidelines.

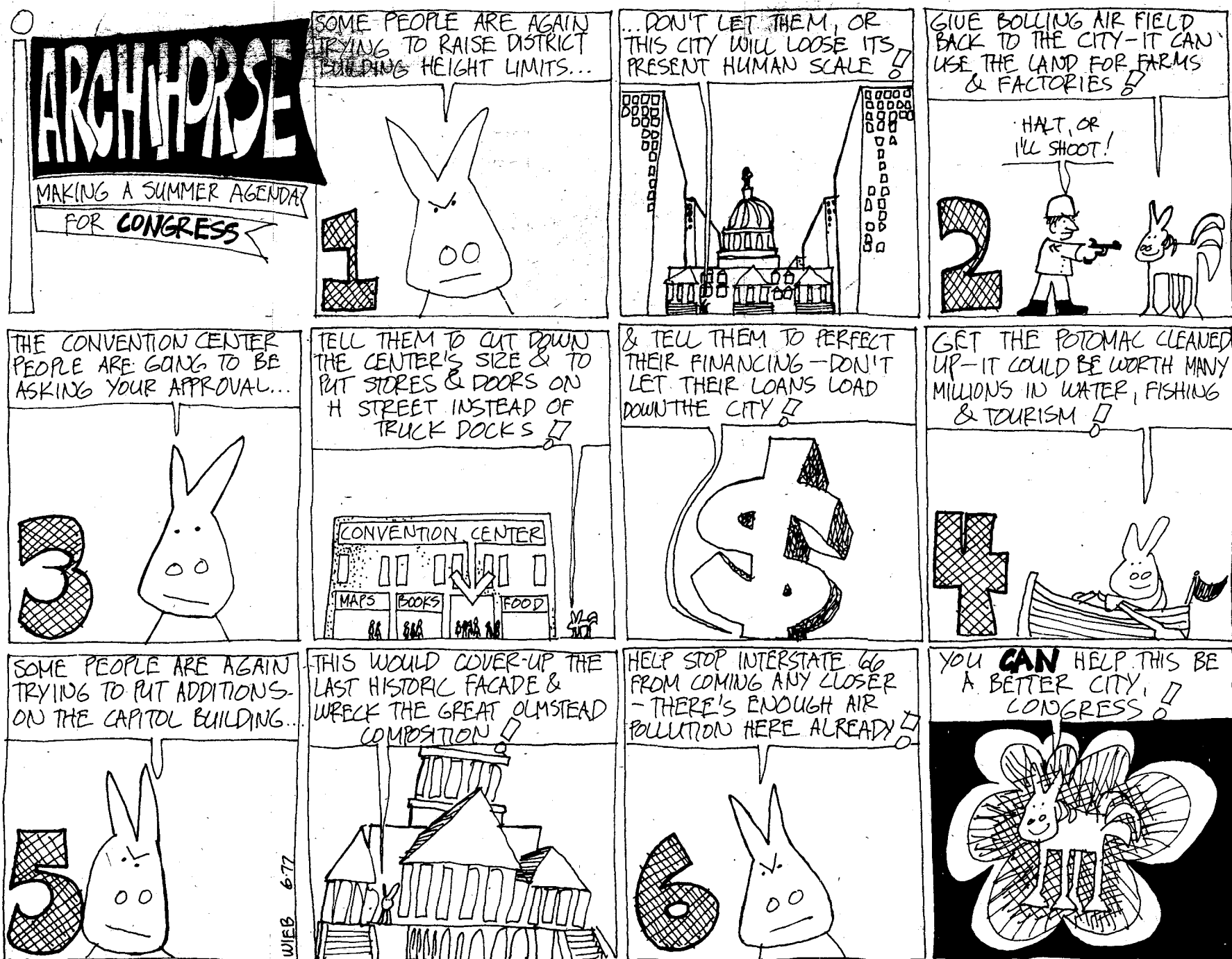
Info: UPO Weatherization Program, 1021 14th, NW, DC 20005 (638-7300, Ext. 426).

IN order to take advantage of the numerous discounts in goods and services now offered by local merchants, senior citizens must be prepared to produce some form of identification. In Ward Three, special senior citizen discount program cards, valid for this purpose, are obtainable at the following locations:

- Polly Shackleton's Ward 3 Office, Chevy Chase Community Center, 5601 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., weekdays from ten until four o'clock. Telephone: 686-5227.
- Iona House, 4200 Butterworth Place, N.W., weekdays from nine until five o'clock. Telephone: 966-1055.
- At four Ward 3 branch libraries: Tenley-Friendship; Chevy Chase; Cleveland Park; Palisades.

During regular library hours. Applicants should bring their Social Security card and be able to offer proof that they are sixty years of age or over. A medicare card will also be accepted as valid identification for the purpose of obtaining these senior citizen discounts.





# city comment

## The myth of downtown

A MAJOR part of the justification for helping developer and commercial interests through hundreds of millions for subways and freeways to bring people downtown and for downtown urban renewal, a convention center, the Pennsylvania Avenue Plan and "Streets for People," is the popular assumption that public money poured into downtown will revitalize it. City planners, Downtown Progress, the Board of Trade, council members, the media and others encourage this belief with rhetoric that is stunningly devoid of any hard evidence.

In an effort to find out just how much money we should be spending on downtown, we set out to learn what downtown produces in revenues for the city and what it costs in services. We failed because no one has bothered, or has been able, to come up with the basic facts upon which sound planning should be based. Downtown Progress considered funding such a project but backed off when they were told by consultants that there were too many definitional problems to make a sound study at the price it was prepared to pay. The planning office has done nothing. The budget office has done nothing. Tax collections are not made in a way that makes the information accessible. And if anyone knows how much it costs to service downtown or any other part of the city, it's a well guarded secret.

Without this information, every project propels itself on a myth - the one that any money spent on downtown is money well spent. One need only look around downtown and consider the sums already expended to "revitalize" it to bring this myth into question.

Since anybody's guess is as good as anyone's else's in this situation, we decided to make what E.F. Schumacher calls "an exploratory calculation." An exploratory calculation, like a prediction, doesn't prove anything, but it may help us understand the direction in which the proof lies.

Taking revenue and expense figures for the DC government for 1967 and 1976 we assigned arbitrary but not unreasonable values to portion that downtown generated or cost. For example, we know that 4 % of the income tax revenue of the city comes from the four zip codes that include downtown. They include more than downtown, but we assigned a value of 4% as downtown's share of personal income tax and 25% of other income taxes.

For sales tax, we assigned 25% as downtown's share. This is generous, especially when one considers that a particular business can not truly be credited with "generating" a sales tax when that tax comes out of a DC resident's dollar that would probably be spent somewhere in the city in any case. We assigned 25% of all other business-related tax revenues to downtown.

On the expense side, 15% of the costs of public safety and

environmental services and the public safety portion of pension liabilities to downtown. Thirty percent of the Transportation Department's budget and the Metro deficit went to downtown, which is conservative. We included, as does the city's first unphonied fiscal report that was compiled with the aid of professional accountants, the capital contribution to Metro as an operating expense. The reason for this is that the Metro is an asset of the Washington Metropolitan Transit Authority and not of the city. For all other government expenses we assigned 5% of the cost to downtown, roughly equivalent to what we credited in income tax.

Rough, yes, but not unreasonable.

Here is how it adds up. In 1976 the city received \$139 million in revenues from and spent \$127 million on downtown. A net profit of only \$12 million, or 9% over costs.

Now let's look at 1967. The figures for that year were \$66 million in revenue and \$44 in expenses or a profit of \$22 million or 50% over costs.

Even if the percentages assigned are off significantly, they probably have not shifted dramatically over the decade, so in any case show downtown being at best a much less profitable enterprise for the city than it was ten years ago before many of the capital "improvements" were underway. If we are to depreciate these improvements, we will have to add another \$20 - \$30 million a year to the cost of running downtown each year.

Clearly, downtown - as a revenue producer for the city - has lost ground despite all the money being poured into it. We can only guess what sort of gains would have been produced for a similar investment over the last ten years in permanent new jobs, rehabilitated housing, or even simple but often ignored public amenities. Or if the money had been used in parts of the city that were crying for economic development. Instead, it was put in a place where it not only did not produce an improved financial situation, but left the city worse off than it was before.

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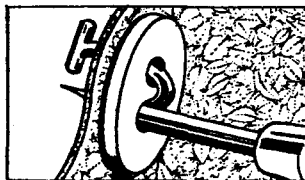
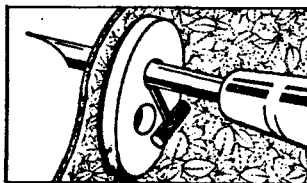
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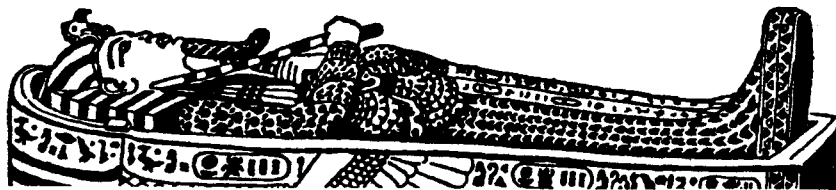
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This book should draw great interest because of the enormously popular exhibit of the Treasures of Tutankham that is currently being

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**DEECEE BICENTENIAL COMIX:** August 1976 was the tenth anniversary of the Gazette. We celebrated by publishing a special edition filled with the humor and cartoons that lightened our pages during our first decade. You can get a copy for \$1, which is pretty cheap for a collector's item.



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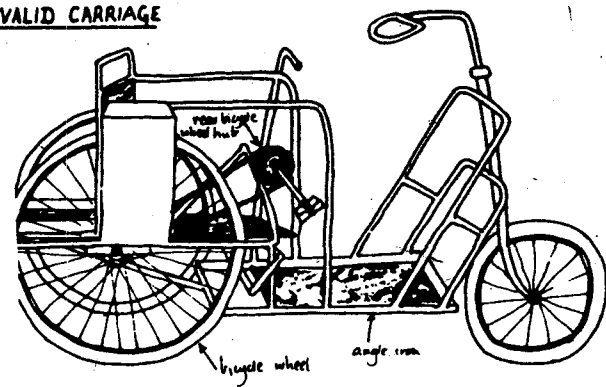
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Arlington Cemetery	40	50	40	40	55	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40
Capitol South	50	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40
Crystal City	40	60	40	50	60	45	45	50	50	45	45	45	50	45	50	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40
Dupont Circle	40	40	50	40	45	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40
Eastern Market	55	40	60	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40
Farragut North	40	40	45	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40
Farragut West	40	40	45	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40
Federal Center SW	45	40	50	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40
Federal Triangle	40	40	50	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40
Foggy Bottom	40	40	45	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40
Gallery Place	40	40	45	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40
Judiciary Square	40	40	45	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40
L'Enfant Plaza	45	40	50	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40
McPherson Sq	40	40	45	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40
Metro Center	40	40	50	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40
National Airport	40	50	40	55	60	50	50	55	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50
Pentagon	40	50	40	40	55	40	40	45	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40
Pentagon City	40	55	40	45	60	45	45	50	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40
Polomac Ave	60	40	65	50	40	45	45	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40
Rhode Is. Ave	55	45	65	45	50	40	40	45	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40
Rosslyn	40	50	40	40	55	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40
Smithsonian	40	40	50	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40
Stadium-Armory	60	40	55	50	40	50	50	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40
Union Station	45	40	50	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40
Brookland	60	55	70	50	55	60	50	50	45	50	40	40	40	45	50	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40
Fort Totten	70	65	80	55	65	65	60	65	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60
Takoma	80	75	90	65	80	65	75	65	70	65	65	65	70	65	65	65	80	85	80	80	80	80	80	80	80	80	80	80
Silver Spring	95	85	95	75	90	75	85	75	80	75	85	75	85	75	85	80	95	80	85	80	85	80	85	80	85	80	80	80

## 1977 Assessment Hikes

Group "B"

Nghd. Code % Increase

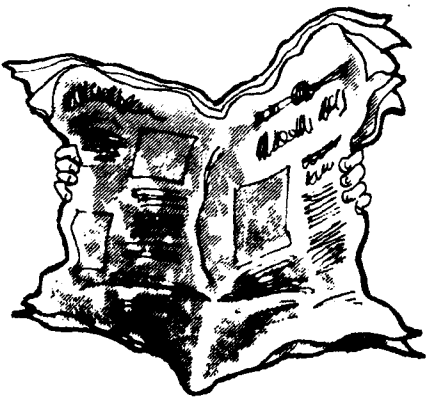
Anacostia	2	14
Barry Farms	3	5
Berkley	4	40
Brentwood	5	10
Brightwood	6	31
Chevy Chase	11	36
Chillum	12	31
Cleveland Pk.	13	26
Congress Hgts.	16	13
Crestwood	17	37
Deanwood	18	23
Forest Hills	21	17

Garfield	24
Georgetown	25
Hawthorne	27
Kent	30
Lilly Ponds	32
Michigan Pk.	35
Mt. Pleasant	36
N. Cleveland Pk.	37
Observatory Circle	38
Old City #2	40
Randle Hgts.	43
Shepherd Pk.	48
Spring Valley	50
Woodridge	56

Group "B" Overall % Increase +26%

## SOCIO-ECONOMIC DATA BY ANC

ANC	Population	Household	Pct. Black	Pct. Renters	Homeowners	Pct. 1-4	Average Family
Rank	No.	No.	Pct.	Pct.	Pct.	Rank	Income
1A	20,226	8,420	26	94	20	14	9,424
1B	18,073	15,544	18	95	25	12	8,679
1C	19,301	10,463	11	58	33	3	11,848
1D	2,517	1,472	9	04	19	7	43,186
1E	9,444	4,200	13	65	23	11	11,147
2A	8,640	6,789	8	04	36	8	23,420
2B	13,009	7,986	10	26	35	2	14,588
2C	28,670	12,795	18	81	32	15	8,168
2D	14,453	7,083	12	63	34	9	14,973
3A	8,507	4,478	4	02	13	23	34,319
3B	5,343	2,632	1	02	9	52	27,195
3C	24,531	13,985	5	03	28	75	23,894
3D	12,001	4,973	2	02	5	34	35,812
3E	11,157	4,588	3	02	6	30	22,799
3F	13,239	7,254	6	03	21	67	27,995
3G	12,467	4,847	7	04	2	27	25,613
4A	12,205	4,963	14	66	8	50	20,148
4B	16,690	5,840	17	80	4	32	14,597
4C	17,368	6,583	21	84	N/A	21	16,065
4D	30,200	11,181	30	97	7	48	12,156
5A	28,503	10,395	19	82	3	31	15,322
5B	21,101	7,874	29	97	22	68	9,701
5C	20,527	7,263	24	92	12	57	10,212
6A	30,083	9,747	20	82	15	59	9,785
6B	26,508	10,466	15	69	16	63	12,000
6C	21,208	7,722	22	84	26	74	10,304
7A	4,474	1,229	34	99	18	65	9,010
7B	18,865	7,813	16	72	17	63	14,561
7C	15,211	4,728	36	99	14	58	9,575
7D	14,733	5,179	32	99	11	28	11,190
7E	11,336	3,718	33	99	10	53	17,180
7F	13,182	4,185	31	99	24	72	10,329
8A	14,757	5,325	23	91	27	74	9,933
8B	10,967	3,944	35	99	7	81	10,215
8C	12,725	3,963	27	95	29	79	9,955
8D	12,274	5,155	25	92	30	81	10,745
Average	15,960	7,705	72	72	32	64	15,842



# THE BACK PAGES

## Power to the people

RICHARD MORGAN

TWO years ago, when the Federal Energy Administration presented a series of energy conservation awards, only two of the nation's utilities received them. Both the winners, Los Angeles and Seattle, were "public power" systems--non-profit utilities owned by city, state or other governments, rather than private stockholders.

The cooperation of the nation's utilities--which distribute the bulk of all energy consumed in America--will be essential if President Carter is to sell his conservation measures to Congress and the nation.

But based on past experience, the President may have a rough time with all but the publicly owned systems. The stark difference between the conservation records of public and private utilities, in fact, indicates the most important question in America's energy future may not be how much energy is available, but how it is distributed.

One cornerstone of Carter's program, for instance, is reform of utility rates so energy becomes more expensive, rather than cheaper, the more a customer uses.

Private utilities are expected to lobby against the measure, as they have in almost every state where it has been proposed. But some of the biggest public power systems in the nation have already "inverted" or flattened out their rate structures to encourage conservation.

In 1974, the most recent year for which federal statistics are available, private utilities charged their residential customers 42 percent more per kilowatt hour of electricity than their industrial and commercial customers. Municipally owned systems, on the average, charged residential users only 18 percent more.

Another key element of Carter's package is the convincing the consumer, through publicity and tax incentives, to save energy by insulating and avoiding energy-wasteful appliances like all-electric kitchens.

In the wake of the Arab oil embargo several years ago, quite a few public power systems proved themselves adept at such conservation measures. But private utilities, as the trade magazine *Electrical World* found in a 1975 survey, generally avoided the promotion of energy conservation because it would "further depress their sales."

For years before the energy crisis private utilities spent over \$300 million a year to promote sales of electricity. Now, as one Florida utility executive put it, "If we succeed in getting the public to conserve energy to the point where

our revenues drop 15 to 20 percent, we may all be looking for a job."

The nation's 200 private utilities, which sell electricity to three out of every four Americans, operate with a different set of incentives than their publicly-owned rivals. Regulatory agencies guarantee them a set profit--usually six to eight percent of the total worth of their utility investments.

The more money invested by the utility, and the more power generated, the larger the profit. Higher fuel prices, rather than cutting into company profits, can simply be passed on to the customer.

Public systems, however, have no similar profit motive. More investment does not mean higher profits, but simply higher rates for their customers. And since they are run by city governments, susceptible to the political backlash caused by skyrocketing rates, there is often more incentive to conserve than to spend money expanding their facilities.

This incentive is reflected in federal figures showing that municipally owned utilities are more efficient than private systems. The municipals spend roughly seven percent less than private utilities to produce the same amount of energy. And their rates, on the average, are 29 percent lower than the privates--largely, according to the American Public Power Association, because they pay no dividends to stockholders.

Los Angeles and Seattle--the largest of the nation's 3,000 public power systems--have provided the most dramatic conservation success stories.

In response to a drought-induced hydroelectric power shortage in 1973, Seattle launched a "Kill-a-watt" campaign that cut overall electricity use by seven percent. The city's largest users, pushed by "consumer advisory teams" dispatched by Seattle City Light, cut back an average of 25-30 percent.

Seattle is still pushing conservation. Last year, says City Light's Joan Whaley, the Seattle City Council decided "not to go nuclear, but to conserve instead."

The western drought has sped up what was to have been a long-term effort. City Light is spending \$235,000 this year on pro-conservation advertising, and it is pushing a variety of building code revisions and other measures in the city council and state legislature designed to save 20 percent of its current load by 1990.

Los Angeles, hit with the sudden loss of half its oil supply, during the 1973-1974 Arab embargo, pulled off an even more ambitious program. The L.A. Department of Water and Power drafted an ordinance requiring its customers to reduce consumption below the previous year's levels, and mobilized 150 advisors to help residents find ways to conserve.

Within two months, L.A. consumers had cut their electricity use by 17 percent. And after the quotas were lifted in May 1974, power use continued at about 19 percent below previous levels.

A Rand Corporation report attributed much of the Los Angeles DWP's success to its municipal ownership. As an integral part of the city government, the DWP was able to command the full resources of the city and get quick action from the city council.

Perhaps because many of them must depend on large private utilities for their fuel supplies, public power systems have also been at the forefront of research into "alternative" energy sources like solar energy--another important element of President Carter's program.

The most striking example is Santa Clara, Ca., a city of 83,000 that launched a solar program back in 1967. Santa Clara's utility is helping homeowners switch to solar heating and cooling and building a million-dollar community center largely dependent on solar energy.

City Manager Donald Von Raesfeld believes "the only way we're going to get solar energy accepted on a broad base is through a utility." He foresees a city-owned "solar utility" to finance and install solar heating and cooling systems in new buildings, on a non-profit basis.

Private utilities have shown some interest in solar energy but the bulk of their funding for new energy technologies still goes to nuclear power. The Electric Power Research Institute, which is dominated by private utilities and does a large part of the industry's research into new technologies, spends 10 times as much on nuclear power as on solar and wind combined.

Many believe private utilities are less interested in solar energy than nuclear because those solar facilities already developed--rooftop collectors for heating, for example--allow consumers to cut back on their use of electricity or gas from their utility.

In a series of interviews with utility officials conducted for the Florida Energy Committee, the consulting firm of Booz, Allen and Hamilton confirmed that opinion. "The utility stance is to avoid, and even possibly discourage, solar energy development," the firm said, "out of apprehension that the only result can be a reduction in utility revenues."

"Solar energy is viewed essentially as a threat which the utilities have not yet determined how to turn into a benefit."

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Richard Morgan is the research coordinator for Environmental Action Foundation's Utility Project and a member of the Federal Energy Administration's Utilities Advisory Committee. He is the author of several books on the utilities industry, the latest of which is *Taking Charge, A New Look at Public Power*, published by Environmental Action in Washington, D.C.



# Children behind bars

ELIOTT  
CURRIE

TEN years ago, study after study concluded that imprisonment was the worst possible treatment for children who broke the law. But today the number of youths behind bars in America is skyrocketing.

A decade of liberal reform aimed at channeling young offenders away from penal institutions — into counseling, job-training programs, mental health services and the like — has been reversed.

The bewildering array of youth institutions — public and private, local and state, huge prisons and small homes — makes it difficult to accurately estimate the number of youths in detention. But it appears that more children are locked up, in adult jails as well as juvenile facilities, than ever before.

The swelling ranks behind bars parallel the shrinking opportunities for youths in the streets and schools of America's cities. At the same time that youth unemployment has risen, financially pressed cities have cut back on school, recreational and social welfare programs.

As at least a partial result, youth "property" crimes spurted up by 50 percent between 1970 and 1975. FBI statistics indicate youths under 18 now account for over half of all arrests for burglary and auto theft and over one-third for robbery.

A growing public outcry against the recession-spurred urban crime wave fueled what Jane Ward of the California Youth Authority calls "a more punitive attitude toward kids, a feeling among judges and others that kids should be locked up."

With no place else to send delinquent youths, juvenile justice has become a boom industry — the agency of first, rather than last resort.

The trend is spelled out by a national study done at the University of Michigan's School of Social Work. "Juvenile justice resources have increased," it concluded, "at the same time other youth-serving agencies experienced declines in their resources."

A California juvenile justice worker laments, "So we know locking them up won't do anybody any good. So what else is new? Where else are we going to put them?"

During the 1960s, juvenile court judges, scholars and blue-ribbon commissions all agreed that locking youths up not only failed to "rehabilitate" them, but often made them worse.

In 1967, the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and the Administration of Justice declared the juvenile justice system a "failure." "The youth who has once been through the process and comes out a delinquent is more likely to act delinquent again," it said.

"The most informed and benign institutional treatment of the child, even in well designed and staffed reformatories and training schools, thus may contain within it the seeds of its own frustration, and itself may often feed the very disorder it is designed to cure."

Fueled by the emerging consensus, many states experimented with programs to "divert" youth from the justice system to presumably more constructive social services.

But today, after extensive studies of this diversion process, most criminologists agree that rather than replacing jails, the new alternatives have simply made room for more youths — including less serious offenders — in the juvenile justice system.

And pressed by the public outcry against crime, even some of the states that led the reform swing, such as California and Massachusetts, are beginning to fund more lock-ups.

Elliott Currie, has taught criminology at Yale and the University of California-Berkeley and has published articles on crime in various scholarly journals. In 1969 he was assistant director of a task force of the government's National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence.

In 1960, one of every 50 American youths aged 10 to 17 came before a juvenile court on a delinquency charge. By 1974, according to the University of Michigan survey, the rate had doubled to one of every 25.

Though comprehensive statistics for the years since 1974 are not yet available, the federal Office of Youth Development says the rate is still climbing.

Between 1971 and 1973, though more youths came before juvenile courts, the diversion trend brought about a 16 percent drop in the youth population in state and local facilities, according to the federal Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. In 1974, however, the trend flattened out, despite the fact that Texas was forced by a court ruling to empty its youth prisons of more than 750 inmates.

The Michigan survey, covering state but not county or municipal facilities, found the same drop between 1971 and 1973. But it recorded a nationwide surge in detentions, from 28,000 to 34,000 in 1974.

Since then, evidence from those states with data available suggests the trend toward more lock-ups has continued.

In California, for example, a state that gained national attention in the 1960s when commitments to state youth institutions dropped, Youth Authority detentions jumped 30 percent between 1972 and 1976. And once in custody, youths were staying longer.

But even these statistics mask several hidden figures indicating the rise in detentions is much sharper, including:

- A growing number of youths sent to adult jails to compensate for cutbacks in juvenile facilities, a practice condemned by reformers for more than a century. LEAA jail census figures show that between 1970 and 1972, when youth institution populations began to drop, the youth populations in local adult jails on a given day shot up from 7,800 to 12,700.

- A trend toward use of private facilities to replace state and local lock-ups. These include everything from large detention centers run by private charities or church groups to small private homes for juvenile delinquents.

Though comparable figures are not available for previous years, the LEAA

found nearly 32,000 youths in private detention facilities in 1974. But a look at several states that trumpeted "deinstitutionalization" in the early seventies indicates the decline in public youth prison populations was often accompanied by increased use of private facilities.

In Massachusetts, for example, the number of youths in public custody dropped all the way from 724 in 1971 to 161 in 1974. But by 1974 the state had over 1,000 children in private detention centers.

An unknown number of youths are sent by the courts each year to homes for neglected and dependent children, mental hospitals and institutions for the retarded.

In the early 1970s, several states passed legislation requiring that many "status" offenders — those, like truants or runaways, whose crimes are illegal only for youths — be handled outside the juvenile justice institutions. But no systematic data is available showing where they went.

Much recent research has questioned the effect that diversion of youths from the juvenile courts has had. The bulk of federal delinquency prevention funds goes for diversion programs, but several studies suggest the effect has not been to replace youth prisons.

Instead, as former Massachusetts Youth Commissioner Jerome Miller has argued, such programs have "swept new people into the system who otherwise might have been ignored."

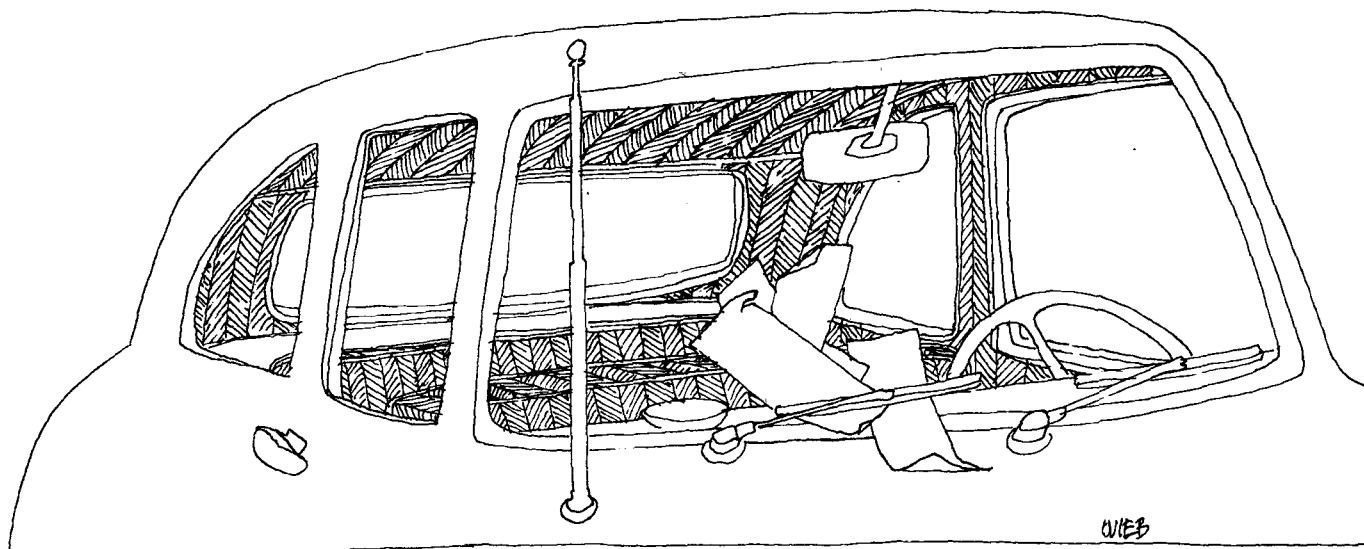
Malcolm Klein of the University of Southern California, for example, recently found that the prime candidates for police diversion programs in the Los Angeles area were minor first-time offenders.

Before the programs they would have been released with a warning by police. Now they are shunted into shelter care and other forms of "treatment" — usually without due process guarantees, such as the right to a lawyer, given by the juvenile courts.

Once in homes for neglected children or other facilities, these youths diminish the services available to children who do not break the law. Thus the tragic paradox that for many youths, the only sure access to community services comes after running afoul of the police. (Copyright PNS)







# We're gonna getcha

DANIEL LEHMAN

LYING on my back on the hard metal upper shelf in DC Central Cellblock cell fifteen I stared at the ceiling in the dim light thrown by a yellow bulb in the steel wall by my head. As I listened to the labored breathing of my cellmate on the lower shelf I was surprised to find no sexual epithets or angry political denunciations gouged in the dirty yellow paint. Only names — Calvin, Leonard, Rasta, Billy, Tyrone — names crudely lettered. After thirty minutes in my cage, victim of the DC parking ticket dragnet, I understood why my predecessors had needed to see their names on the steel which enclosed them. The names evidenced a struggle for identity and as the minutes dragged by it became increasingly crucial to remember my own name and how it came to pass that a winter Saturday evening which had seemed like any other had ended in the grimy isolation of cell fifteen of the District of Columbia's Central Cellblock.

My wife Barbara and I walked rapidly from our apartment on Summit Place in Northwest Washington through the crisp evening chill to our car parked across the street. Anticipating an enjoyable evening, we were to pick up a friend on Newton Street in Mount Pleasant before continuing to a basketball game at Georgetown University. Driving west on Harvard Street I automatically slowed my speed before passing a parked patrol car. I glanced in the cruiser as I went by, saw the outline of an officer in the front seat and chuckled smugly, proud of my foresight. Two years of delivery work and driving cab had taught me to be wary of radar and parked police cars on downgrades and as I turned onto Adams Mill Road my thoughts returned to the anticipated Georgetown game.

Approaching the intersection of Adams Mill and Kenyon I was startled by flashing red lights in my rear view mirror and as I pulled to the curb with the cruiser following me I began a mental check-list of possible offenses. Of course, that was it, that broken left rear lens, smashed by a hit and run driver in front of my parents' house one weekend in western Virginia. No problem — politely listen to the officer's lecture, promise to fix it Monday, hope the annoying interruption can be resolved in time for opening tip-off.

I opened the car door and walked back to the cruiser, tugging the driver's license from my wallet. "Let's see your license and registration," said the policeman, a tall burly man in his mid-forties with a gruff, but kind voice. I walked back to my car and fished the registration card from the glove-box and handed it to him. He turned without comment and walked back toward his patrol car. Hoping to speed the ritual a bit I called after him and asked what the trouble was.

"Have to do a warrant check, sir," he answered. "We're looking for some cars with unpaid parking tickets in the neighborhood."

I began to mutter to myself. Like thousands of other District residents I had waited in a twelve hour line last March to pay \$500 in overdue citations before receiving my new registration. And then in September I had received the rude shock of reaching my car one morning to find a yellow police immobilization device, a "boot," firmly attached to my left front wheel. That one had cost me \$225 but the police had assured me my record was cleared. Since that experience Barbara and I have religiously paid our tickets as they accumulated under the windshield wipers of our little orange station wagon.

Knowing a radio check for outstanding traffic warrants can take time, I saw that opening tip-off at Georgetown in some jeopardy. I plunked myself in the front seat of my car in righteous indignation. And it was then I had my first dramatic indication that this was to be a long trying night. For the back seam of my trousers ripped open. Now

even if the blasted cop hurried I'd still have to get back to the apartment to change my pants before going to the game. Barbara told me to relax and we waited for what seemed ages until the officer returned.

"I've checked with the central files and you have sixteen outstanding parking tickets," he told me.

"Are you sure?" I exploded in return. I had reason to doubt his word. Exactly one week after we found the boot on our car the previous September we had returned on foot from the grocery store to find another boot firmly clenched to our front wheel. It cost an hour of outraged telephone inquiry amid the network of District police bureaucracy, taking names and shouting threats and suffering through interminable responses of "let me put you on hold" and "our department doesn't handle that" before they admitted they had made a mistake and had "booted" us for exactly the same tickets we had paid five days earlier.

So that second Saturday in September I had walked out to my car, receipts from the previous week in hand, to meet the officers who were to remove the mistakenly placed boot, feeling very wronged and righteous. The officers grunted as they removed the boot from the wheel and I thanked them with exaggerated politeness. But the look one officer threw me as he dumped the yellow boot in his trunk was sinister, like the cigar commercial on Monday night football. "We're gonna getcha," his face leered. "Sooner or later we're gonna getcha."

I brooded over the steering wheel and remembered that look as the policeman went back to recheck his computer records. When he returned he assured me there was no mistake. The computer had sixteen tickets inexorably linked to my name. I got out of my car and stood beside him under the eerie glow of high-crime lights and played my last card, the "show me mercy" act.

"I was a delivery driver for a year," I said, "making twenty or thirty stops a day downtown. And you must know the parking problem around here in Adams Morgan after 6 pm. We always look at least an hour before we take an illegal spot. What are we supposed to do?"

"I know its tough," he answered, his kindness making me suspicious. "Really the only place to park this time of night is on Connecticut Avenue on the other side of the zoo."

"Sure and get mugged on the way home," I muttered. Barbara had once been attacked in broad daylight in front of our apartment and it was widely passed around our building that a young couple had been robbed and murdered returning after dark from parking their car a few blocks away. I wanted to ask the officer why he wasn't out stopping that kind of crime but remained quiet.

Then he asked Barbara if she had a license to drive and the first real chill raced from my shoulders to the newly split seam of my trousers. My rational mind hoped they were simply going to confiscate my license until we paid the tickets during regular business hours but my suddenly queasy insides suspected differently. When I heard the officer mention Central Cellblock my worst suspicions were confirmed.

By this time four carloads of Washington's finest surrounded us and the treetops throbbed with red flashing lights. Curious motorists slowed for sidelong glances as a second officer asked me to raise my arms and frisked me. Barbara began protesting vehemently as the reality of the predicament struck her.

"Throwing him in jail for parking tickets," she yelled. "You can't do that. I don't believe it."

"You're damn right we're taking him in lady," answered a third cop, his face twisted in genuine hatred. "We got sixteen warrants on him and he's going to jail. So shut your mouth."

Suddenly it seemed crucial to gain as much information as possible. Where was I being taken? Could I get out as soon as the citations were paid? We knew from previous experience Barbara would need to bring cash. "How is she going to get

*(Since the events described in this article, Daniel Lehman has sold his car. He says, "Have found it to be the best idea I've had in the last five years.")*



cash on a Saturday night?" I asked the first officer. "I don't know," he said. "She'll just have to. I'd have a hard time raising twelve dollars to buy some groceries, myself."

I looked at Barbara. "Just get the money," I hissed. "Just get the money. They're gonna hold me until you get the money." Then feeling absurdly melodramatic I kissed her and was ushered to a waiting cruiser.

During the thirty minute ride down to Central Cellblock I received my first indication of how much cash Barbara would have to raise that Saturday night. The officer driving looked at his partner across the front seat and jerked his head toward me. "Damn chump owes \$480," he said. "Can you believe that?"

A sheet of bullet-proof glass separated the back seat from the front. The door and window handles were removed and steel mesh secured the corners of the glass. I wondered why I wasn't handcuffed and was oddly disappointed. Noticing faces in other cars as we waited at stoplights, I resented their freedom, their carefree Saturday night demeanor.

We entered the large police complex at 300 Indiana Avenue, NW, by an underground driveway on the south side of the building. Twisting down a long series of ramps we came to a basement garage and stopped beside a sign which proclaimed, "Prisoner Discharge Point." But the officers in the front seat had momentarily forgotten me. Their attention and then mine was riveted to a pile of plastic bags lying fifteen feet from our car.

"You think that's the woman they murdered down in Southeast last night," the driver asked. "Probably so," came the reply. "I'm gonna go take a look," the first officer said. He returned to the cruiser in a few minutes. "Middle-aged," he said. "They found her in a field deader than hell."

"Hell," said the second cop, "damn shame. Probably over drugs."

"Naw, wasn't drugs," responded the first. "If it was drugs they'd dump her in the Chesapeake like we done them Japs over there under MacArthur. Damn sharks eat 'em. Don't leave a trace. Probably just some kids wanted to rape her."

"Who'd wanna rape her?" asked the second. "She's middle-aged."

"Kids probably done it," repeated the first officer. "They'll get off too. That damn judge they're trying to fire. He stands there and says, 'But I think I've done a good job,' and he's been turning them loose for four years. Makes you sick."

Since Judge Charles Halleck is one of the few persons in the District justice system I've ever had reason to admire, I decided not to join the conversation.

"Man I'd like to get in Homocide," the second officer said excitedly. He was younger than the driver and his voice rang with idealism.

"Yeah," answered the first. "When I get out of uniform I'm gonna try and get in Homocide or Sex, something worthwhile, not this shit we got back here," and he jerked his thumb in my direction.

I felt like I had disappointed him and fought back the urge to tell him if he let me out of the back seat no questions asked, I'd give him first crack at me if I ever got involved in sex or homicide.

Two young men in handcuffs were led past our car. "Wonder if they're the ones that did it?" one cop mumbled, eyeing the plastic bag. I wondered the same thing and hoped I wouldn't be in the same cell as either of them if they had done it.

After a twenty minute wait in the car someone yelled for us to come inside. Behind a counter in the first room at least three TVs were tuned to what I recognized as the Maryland-Princeton basketball game. I glanced at the clock on the wall and saw it was 8:10 pm. It seemed like days since I had worried about missing the Georgetown game.

Standing in the room was the officer who had originally stopped my car. He handed me my driver's license and spoke in a kind voice. "Your wife knows how much money she needs to come up with," he said. "I told her how to get here. I checked with the boys and they had only processed your tickets up to a year ago when they put that boot on your car. This brings you up to date."

While another policeman behind the counter started to book me, the officer who had driven me to the cellblock asked what number I would like to call. I told him my home number and he dialed it and handed me the receiver. There was no answer and I hoped that meant Barbara was busy raising my ransom.

I was told to spread my legs and lean against the counter and I worried about the split in my pants. After being frisked thoroughly I was told to empty my pockets and take off my shoes. When they were satisfied I had no weapons or drugs I was allowed to replace my shoes, but my wallet, pocket comb and glasses were taken from me and carefully sealed in a manilla envelope along with my belt. I understood why they took my belt — don't want no hangings — but I missed my glasses. My eyes need them for sight and I had not the slightest urge to slash my wrists.

The guard who had frisked me then ordered me down a narrow hall and slid back a barred door to a 4X6 cubicle. I entered the cell and crawled on an iron shelf twenty-four inches wide and suspended about four feet from the floor. One side of the shelf was fastened to the wall and the other side was braced horizontally by two chains spanning from either end to the vortex of the ceiling and wall. Below me was an identical shelf. A short thin man lay there asleep, groaning intermittently amid loud snores.

Then the cell door was slammed shut and I suppose I thought those time-honored thoughts common to all persons as that door slams shut behind them for the first time.

Each cell had a small sink, a toilet with no seat, the two shelves and nothing more. When I pointed my toes I would touch both ends of the cell. The bars were reinforced with pressed steel mesh with the exception of a small hole about six inches tall and twelve inches wide. Since the entire cellblock seemed to be made of steel any sound was magnified in a particularly nerve-jangling manner. Up and down the corridor I could hear men groaning and cursing, occasionally urinating in the open toilets.

As I lay on my shelf I thought of Barbara and her quest for the \$480 in cash. I pictured her and all the friends she was able to locate huddled around a table somewhere, their pockets empty, about \$138 in wrinkled ones, fives, and lonely tens piled on the table. "Well that's all we can get," Barbara would say. "I guess he'll have to stay there until Monday morning." I began to compile a mental list of possible donors to my freedom fund and made additions and revisions compulsively for some time.

While locked in Central Cellblock certain considerations assumed paramount importance. The utter inability to relate my sudden arrest and incarceration to the balance of my experience was a major concern and it was in this respect that identity became crucial. When I had left my apartment with Barbara I would have had difficulty believing I might find myself in jail that night. Conversely, now that I was in the cell I had to continually strive to envision ever being released.

A second concern was the distortion of my time perception. Soon after entering the cell I had heard a guard sing our "Eight twenty-five and all's well." That was my last indication of the hour and I found it impossible to gauge mentally how much time had passed as the evening progressed.

Two relatively minor annoyances increased my sense of vulnerability. The confiscation of my glasses was most disconcerting, not because there was anything to see in the cell but that clear vision seemed a basic tool of survival and in that limbo of incarceration having each of my tools of survival intact was crucial to my confidence. Similarly the split in my pants, which had widened considerably in the effort of crawling on my shelf made me feel unprotected. The urge to locate a needle and thread with which to mend my pants became an almost obsessive fantasy.

And finally I was relieved my cellmate was so docile in sleep and wished mightily that he would remain so for as long as possible. Up and down the corridor I could hear vociferous swearing and angry shouts. Occasionally someone would cry out as if in pain. I had no desire for conflict within the confines of a 4X6 cell. Once, the guards led a young man who was obviously a prostitute down the passageway to a cell at the far end of the row. Most of the inmates hooted as he passed. "Let me get my hands on that mother," screamed a voice from the cell to my right. "I'll kill him." The cell to my left was inhabited by a very drunk man who vomited long and loudly throughout the evening.

As the cells began to fill to their Saturday night capacity I passed the time eavesdropping on conversations from other cubicles. Two young men brought in separately recognized each other across the passageway and discussed the details of their arrests. "Yeah," said one, "tonight's my anniversary and me and the wife were going out to celebrate. Heading to the cleaners to pick up my suit they pulled me over and hit me with \$500 in warrants. I guess the wife's still waiting for me to get back from them cleaners."

"You're lucky," answered the other. "They got me on a robbery rap."

"Well here we are," said the first. "Just like death row. Just like that Gilmore guy."

"Damn it, if this was death row," his friend responded, "I'd just stand here and beat my head on these bars til it splits open. No way I'd let them get me."

Then when I had resigned myself to spending the night in the cell, the door to my cubicle slipped quietly open and a guard told me my tickets had been paid. I leaped off my shelf with the enthusiasm of the reprieved. As I walked out of cell fifteen and down the passageway hands reached out between bars and clutched at me, their fingers opening and closing slowly. That sight stayed with me long after my release.

We entered the room with the television sets and the first thing I saw was Maureen Bunyon of Channel Nine reading

the evening news. It was 11:07 pm. My glasses, wallet, comb and belt were returned to me and I followed a guard through several doors and joined Barbara and three of our friends standing in a small hallway. "How many people did you have to ask to get the money?" I wanted to know. "Really only two," they answered, obviously proud of their efficiency. I was grateful. But I remembered some of the other inmates back in the cellblock who would have had a much harder time raising that much cash.

Back at my apartment I hurriedly changed my pants and for the first time was able to reflect on my four hours in

the custody of the law. I figured that all told I have paid \$1200 in parking tickets in five years in the city, enough to place at least a token down payment on one of Joe Yell's limousines. I decided they owed me a key to the city.

Oh I've vowed to pay my parking tickets promptly in the future. I took an identical vow after that twelve hour wait in line and after the boot was clamped on my car wheel. But late at night, mired in the uneasy dreams of the procrastinator, I can see that face, this time the face of the guard who released me from the cell. "We're gonna getcha," his unspoken message. "Sooner or later we're gonna getcha."

# A new approach to crime

RASA GUSTAITIS

BACK in the Middle Ages, in Britain, if you killed or injured your neighbor, he and his kin had the common law right to raid your home or castle and exact whatever restitution seemed proper. The king's role was merely to see that a measure of order was maintained.

Now, under a bill before the California legislature, a modern and more humane version of that old system is being considered. It would require violent criminals to make restitution, where possible, to their victims. It would also demand that the state help the criminal become financially capable of so doing.

The measure, which has broad bipartisan sponsorship, has been introduced in the heat of argument over a bill to restore capital punishment that is almost certain to go through despite Governor Jerry Brown's promised veto. But in the long run, the restitution bill may outweigh the death penalty measure in significance.

For unlike capital punishment, it promises to be a step toward reform of the criminal justice system, which most experts agree is ineffective in deterring crime.

It is the facelessness of crime that lies behind much of its proliferation, some criminologists argue. Muggers, killers and other assailants do not see their victims as fellow humans. Within the criminal justice system, they are treated as offenders against an abstraction, the state—even if it does act in the name of "the people"—and not against specific persons.

"With this bill we begin to get the shift—slight as it may be—from the view that crime is an act of an individual versus society toward the recognition that it is an act of one individual against another," according to Joseph E. Petrillo, aide to Senator Jerry Smith of Santa Clara, the principal sponsor.

Judges would be required to consider restitution where a criminal is financially able. Parole officers and probation officers would have to consider its possibility before recommending a convicted person's release.

The option for restitution exists even now. But judges almost never exercise it, even with criminals who are well-to-do. That's partly because the idea is unfamiliar to them, and partly because there is no follow-up requirement to insure enforcement. The bill would provide machinery to solve these problems.

If it's properly run, a restitution program would allow criminals who are not menaces to society to remain productive, taxpaying citizens who work to support their families and pay back their victims, instead of sitting in jail at public expense. It would also be an incentive to parole and probation officers to help offenders find needed employment to obtain their release.

The question of restitution would come up during sentencing and during consideration of probation and parole. It would be a factor in judicial officials' decisions on what punishment would best suit the criminal, the victim and society. No habitual criminals, or persons who are found generally dangerous, would be likely to be allowed to go free because of the program, however.

Experience in states where restitution has been tried, largely with help from the federal Law Enforcement Assistance Association, shows benefits. In Colorado, courts collected \$659,000 from criminals last year. In Oklahoma, the state has been returning \$4 to victims for every \$5 collected from perpetrators, spending \$1 on administering the program.

The Smith bill, which also expands the indemnities available to violent crime victims and removes the current requirement that they show financial hardship is backed by a broad coalition of 47 sponsors including liberals and tough-on-criminals hardliners. Among its backers are the Sacramento Rape Crisis Center and the California District Attorneys Association.

The concept is in keeping with the recent popular shift of attention to the victims of crime. "Focus on the victim will begin to change the system to where more emphasis will be placed on the relationship between the criminal and victim," Petrillo predicted.

(Copyright PNS 1977)

A WASHINGTON research group contends that, despite industry claims to the contrary, the nuclear industry has been plagued by worker deaths, plant accidents, acts of terrorism and other serious mishaps during the last three decades.

The Center for Science in the Public Interest alleges that a careful study of government atomic energy records reveals there have been more than 300 workers deaths, no less than two dozen "meltdowns" or other serious accidents, dozens of threatened and actual terrorist acts, and numerous cases of lost nuclear material and human error.

The center claims that all of these figures are buried in the statistics within hundreds of thousands of pages of official reports.

The center quotes an 1975 A.E.C. safety report which notes that in the preceding 32 years, there had been 10,086 disabling injuries, including 321 fatalities. It adds that a recent study by the U S Consumer Protection Administration predicted that an additional 600 to 1100 men who worked in uranium mines are expected to die of radiation-induced cancer in 1990.

Center researcher Bob Bossong says that a re-reading of meltdown reports at U.S. reactor sites and other accidents indicates that the only reason there has not been an outright disastrous nuclear plant accident in America yet is—in Bossong's words—"sheer luck."

NOW that pocket calculators have become commonplace, get ready for the invasion of the pocket-sized computers.

The Wall Street Journal is reporting that, thanks to a series of engineering break-throughs, the American market will soon be flooded with small, mini-sized computers that will make the pocket calculators seem slow and out-dated by comparison.

These mini-computers, The Journal says, will not only be able to perform complex math problems, but will also be equipped with miniature memory units capable of storing millions of bits of information and complex instructions.

This will reportedly enable them to quickly place in alphabetical order long lists of names; and even to play strong games of bridge and chess against human opponents.

The pocket computers are being made possible, The Journal says, because of the development of extensive memory units that are only one-tenth the size of a human hair.

RESEARCHERS with the Humane Society in Fallstown, Maryland, say they have discovered a substance that scares the daylight out of rats and mice. The substance? Tiger urine.

They say they poured the liquid waste around piles of corn and cattle feed; and that rodents later ate unprotected feed piles in the same fields, but would not go near those protected by tiger trace.



# Making garbage pay

ODESSA, Texas, a city of 90,000 is the first American city to recycle all its daily waste; Odessa has not only cut its expenses but may even soon make a profit from its garbage collection.

The Odessa formula goes like this: The city's green water (treated sewage effluent) is passed to a sub-contractor, who stockpiles it and puts in on agricultural land near the sewage treatment plant on the south side of the city.

Its solid waste goes to a recovery center on the northwest side of town for sorting, shredding and grinding. This processed material is then spread over ranchland, where it will eventually convert itself into compost in the soil and improve ailing prairie grass so as to feed more cattle and provide more beef.

Extracted metals are sold. And with the current rising trend in pig-iron prices, this alone may pay the \$800,000 cost of the recycling plant within another five to eight years.

"Garbage is golden" says Dr. Goeffrey B. Stanford, who designed the Odessa recycling system. "We cannot afford to throw it away."

While pointing out that the recycling program is still in the experimental stages, city officials are delighted with results so far.

"It has tremendous potential, both here and around the world," says Jim Reese, a stockbroker who was mayor of Odessa when the program was started. "People have come from all over to look at the techniques being applied here."

Odessa's household garbage is collected twice a week without the customary spillage and bashing of cans. Groups of neighbors share big city-owned bins, which are placed along the alleys back of their homes.

Householders are urged to keep the containers and alleys clean. Undue neglect may bring a warning ticket or even a telephone call from city hall.

One-man crews operate garbage trucks that automatically pick up the bins by push-button control. When filled, each truck is driven to the shredding plant. City officials estimate their system of trash collection is already saving Odessa over \$1 million a year.

The Odessa shredder, which started operating in 1974, can handle 400 tons of refuse a day in a five-day work week—or more than 100,000 tons a year. (Every man, woman and child in America generates an average of one ton of waste annually.)

After unloading, the solid waste moves slowly on a conveyor belt past employees who pull out any obviously unsuitable items, such as old engine blocks, iron bedsteads, refrigerators and kitchen ranges. The remainder passes to the hammer mill to be pounded into fist-sized pellets. Any odd fragments of iron or aluminum left behind are whisked out by magnets.

The processed organic waste is then trucked to be spread over the grassland at a privately owned ranch outside the city. No money is involved. The rancher lends his land for the experiment hoping

it will improve in quality, while the city avoids paying for a landfill.

"Putting refuse into the soil is a perfectly ordinary, normal biological program," says Dr. Stanford, 61, a British-born physician who came to Dallas in 1970.

"A tree might wait a hundred years before it falls to the ground and another 10 years before it is broken up by organisms into smaller bits. But we've taken the tree and, in effect, ground it up into tiny bits at once, borrowing it for a time and writing on it, then throwing it back to the land. So we have short-circuited the normal cycle by about a hundred years."

Some of the treated solid waste has now been in the arid ground for over a year.

Although grass has been planted and is growing on the treated pastures, there is not yet enough to feed cattle. "But wild, flowers are growing in profusion," Schnaterly says.

"We have watermelon, squash, pumpkins and tomatoes growing wild in land where normally there would not be enough moisture for them to grow. We even harvested some pumpkins last year."

(Copyright Pacific News Service, 1977)



## The Swampoodle Report

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Long-time readers of the Gazette will remember our man of light-hearted letters, Josiah X. Swampoodle, and a few may have wondered what happened to him. Well, it's like this: back during the Nixon recession we were forced to lay him off. He didn't really mind. As he put it: "Nixon was replaced by a one-joke president and Chevy Chase stole it. Making jokes about Walter Washington and Sterling Tucker became like making jokes about Bob Hope or Queen Victoria. All the good ones had been used. And then we got a president who made a joke of his campaign promises before you could. On top of this, the media became glutted with humorists: Richard Cohen, Eric Severeid, Sally Quinn. Almost all of the Washingtonian became devoted to humor. It was hopeless." Swampoodle tried a number of other trades. He drafted a popsicle stick safety regulation for the city council, but John Wilson killed the measure after Joe Yeldell's nephews and neices objected. He printed "On Call" signs for taxi drivers, but soon every cab was displaying one and the market dried up. So he came home again and asked us for a job. But he wanted to try something new. No jokes. Just serious, hard-hitting, investigative reporting. As he put it, "Where else will you find it?" We agreed to try it, but we're a bit concerned. JXS appears to have interviewed only one person: himself. But, as our literary Lazarus says, "You have to start someplace." )

TIP TO THE EAR: You've got it all wrong. Nancy Collins does exist. It's Sander Vanocur who doesn't. Collins writes TV criticism under that name, for obvious reasons.

Why can't I buy a pocket calculator with a percentage key, full memory function, that can handle square roots, chain calculations and which has buttons that won't break within three weeks?

GOOD THINGS: Bob Devlin's Street Band concerts at lunchtime at 19th & M. . . "Star Wars." As someone said coming out of the movie, "When was the last time you saw so many people happy?" My theory is that "Star Wars" will do for the country what Jimmy Carter said he would, and can't. . . The cop on Conn. Ave. who walks his beat like he was a member of the NYPD. . . The barbershop further up Conn. Ave. with the sign, "We specialize in haircuts."

A day without a waiter's illegible scrawl is like a day without sunshine but down at the Tiberio they give you the bill printed out by computer. Well, at least you can take it home and practise your pronunciation with it.

I can't understand why people want to get rid of outdoor parking lots. They give the city a skyline. Besides it's an ironclad rule of parking that you can get your car out of any outdoor lot, no matter how full, faster than out of any indoor lot, no matter how empty.

Which is all rather academic as far as I am concerned because they have closed down my favorite lot on 20th Street in order to put up a building. I wonder where the attendant has gone. I liked him. He would tell you when you were coming back. "Don't be late," he'd warn. Now I can't find any place to park around the Gazette office which is all right because there isn't any place to drive either. Must be all those people coming to ride Metro.

Watch children playing. They start with function. They'll say, "Let's play house." They grab any forms that are available and imagine that they are a house. They decide on a function and imagine the form to serve them. We adults do it differently. We construct forms and imagine they are serving a function. Most of the time the kids have us beat.

They've installed a metal detector at the District Building to stop people with crazy ideas from getting in. Now they need a machine that will work the other way.

*Josiah X. Swampoodle*  
Purveyor of  
split infinitives  
for over 39 years



## flotsam & jetsam

I WAS delighted to learn the other day that there is an organization called "Friends of the GGI." I have been a friend of the GGI since I was a little boy and there are millions of others who live between Washington and New York who should share the affinity, for over the years the GGI has been a friend to them, whether they knew it or not, hauling them with quiet, handsome power over the Pennsy tracks between the Big Cheese and the Big Apple.

The GGI is the classic Pennsylvania Railroad electric engine designed by Raymond Loewy in 1935. For more than three decades the dark green double enders with their five thick gold stripes arching like a scrunched rainbow from coupler to coupler were the mainstay of the main line, the love of those who ran them, steel heroes to small children and faithful workhorse of the system.

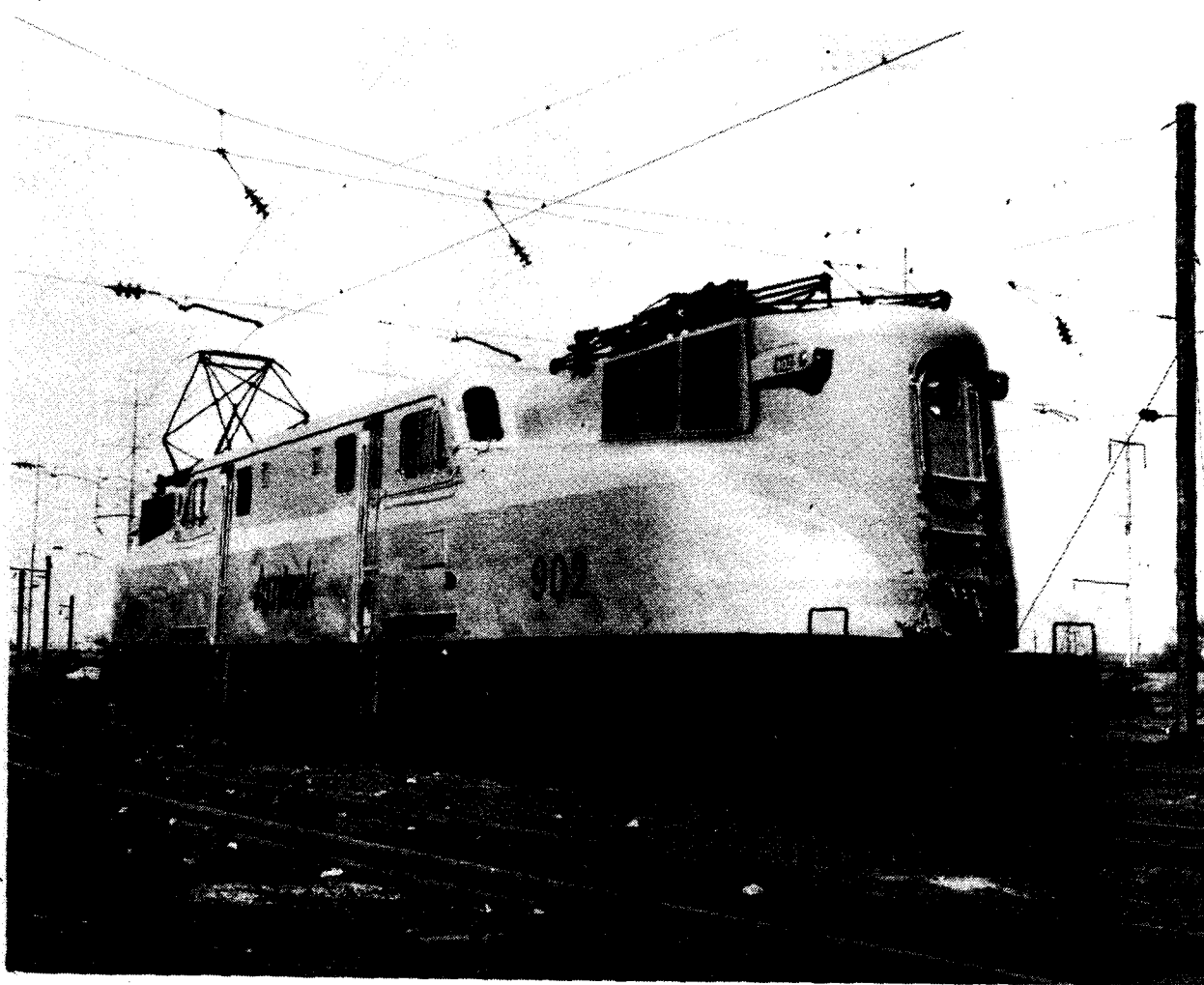
The adjective "beautiful" before locomotive is semantic deadheading. I've never seen a locomotive that wasn't beautiful. Even the first primitive efforts, devoid of proportion with their boilers plopped unceremoniously on a flatbed over wheels too close together, had charm; whimsical behemoths puffing through the landscape. Early in its development the locomotive lost its ungainly appearance. It was discovered that there was no functional inconsistency in making a locomotive a work of art. From the cowcatchers and the flaring stacks to the arrangement of circular, cubical, and cylindrical forms that provided America with its first modern sculpture, the business of running an engine joined magnificently with visual appeal.

Out of Baldwin, Lima and America came the Mikado, the dumpy little 0-4-T switcher, the camelback, the rugged steam engines forced into the 20th century with a streamline overplating, the big articulateds, the plowlike bow of the Burlington's first diesel, the bullet-nosed Union Pacific streamliners, the pragmatic A and B unit diesels and the box-like electrics; irrefutable proof that technology could have soul.

And the GGI was one of the best. As Loewy said, "It looks like it is moving when it is standing still." The passenger trains between New York and Washington are now in the hands of Amtrak, with its bland Metroliners of subway exterior and aircraft interior, with its Amfleets, Amclubs, and, some would say, Amjunk. They work; they've cut the travel time; they're comfortable, but the elegant authority figure at the head end has been replaced by a tiny cubicle in the lead car of the Metroliner, where the engineer sits, squeezed out of his electric castle, only a few inches from obsolescence and full automation.

The Friends of the GGI have restored engine 4935 and Amtrak has put it back in service. Thirty-five years after its birth its return marks no concession to nostalgia. It can more than hold its own against the big new Amtrak electrics that are replacing the remaining GGIs and, as the engineer on its first restored run told the Washington Post as he passed a southbound Metroliner, "I wouldn't take two of those for one of these."

I suppose that most people don't care what's pulling them. But I come from a family of railroaders, beginning in the 1850s when my great grandfather helped organize the Pennsylvania Railroad's pioneer freight service. I have an uncle who, when he was young, converted my grandparent's attic into a giant switching yard—no loops, bridges, tunnels and other paraphernalia you find illustrated in the Lionel catalog—just yards and yards of wall-to-wall straight, home-made track and switches of the super gauge



A GG1 — hardly improved by its new Amtrak color scheme.

of that era, over which a few homely cars were shunted through, presumably, hours of satisfaction. My uncle is now in his seventies; he still has a layout.

My brother was a model-railroader and he taught me. I ran the Pocono Valley RR in our basement, complete with schedules, an annual report and a board of directors made up of willing relatives.

My parents hated flying, so whenever we went out of car reach, we went by train. We travelled to Mexico City from Philadelphia by train. We climbed through Guatemala by train. We visited relatives by train. And throughout college, I made countless trips on overcrowded, overheated, overlate New Haven cars, jammed with my collegial peers. We sat in the aisles on suitcases, ate stale sandwiches from the Union News hawkers, sang and grew tired with the miles. But loved it.

We vacationed in Maine and took the Maine Central to get there, arriving and departing from the Freeport station, a classic small town depot where, between trains, the silence was broken only by the voices of people you knew and the dah-dits of the ticker and we sat on Larry Baxter's Railway Express cart and watched the engineers catch messages on the fly from a stick held high by the stationmaster and wondered whether the little flag actually would stop the express due from Brunswick in a few moments. The station and the cart are in Boothbay now, part of a railway museum and it's been years since those tracks welcomed the "Down East" or the "down milk" or even a Budd RD-1 diesel railcar.

But when my father died in Maine a couple of summers ago, he still went most of the way home by train. Late in the evening we gathered in Boston's nearly empty South Station, which like so many terminals has only its size to remind you of its former importance. Before boarding the train we walked up to the baggage car to check on my father. I was glad he was there, and not in some carpeted hearse headed for the Connecticut Turnpike, because my father was as ardent a railroader as any of us, always striking up conversations with conductors and trainmen, getting off the train to find out what was wrong when we stopped unexpectedly, and once catching the "State of Maine" on the run as it was almost out of the Portland station shed. He subscribed to Edna St. Vincent

Millay's view that "there isn't a train I wouldn't take no matter where it's going."

To make such a statement requires not only a sense of romance, but considerable endurance, for love of trains is often unrequited. Trains can be dirty, cold, hot, late, cancelled, overcrowded, or can sit for hours in a wheat field for no possible reason. I have been twelve hours late arriving in New Orleans. A friend reported recently that she left New York early one evening on a Metroliner and didn't arrive in DC until just before dawn after detours over tracks miles from the mainline, a total lack of food service until the train crew jimmied its way into the storage lockers and the final frustration of finding that the doors wouldn't open when the train pulled into Union Station. The crew had jumped the train at the Beltway and left the passengers to fend for themselves at the terminal.

Even going first class does not guarantee satisfaction. I have long been convinced that the temperature control knobs in the average Pullman are dummy switches, or at the very least the legends have been printed backwards. It is rare that one does what is says it will.

The first time I took my family on an overnight train trip, a guy in a compartment nearby had a heart attack in the middle of the night somewhere in South Carolina and had to be removed by ambulance and on the way back the lights didn't work in our car.

It was, I had to confess, not a completely atypical trip. You don't have to ride too many trains to come home with a story. But perhaps that is part of the secret of trains; they promise satisfaction mixed with random flashes of adventure, which while often tedious or annoying, are seldom violent or frightening. An airborne malfunction is terrifying. On a train, it usually means you just stop and wait until someone figures out what to do about it.

There are other secrets to trains. Standing in the vestibule with the top of the dutch door open feeling the wind and the country hustle by. Watching your roadbed disappear in a point from the last car. Sticking your nose against the window and observing yourself go around a curve. Seeing the back yards of America. Climbing into the top bunk. Getting off the train in



the middle of anywhere and wondering with another passenger what the problem is.

And there are the railroad people. They make airline personnel look like manikins. The next time you go on a train check out the ticket clerks; imagine them behind the counter at an airport. Never. Some of them are rude, some of them motherly or fatherly, some downright strange, but not a plastic automaton in the bunch. On a plane the stewardess performs with computed charm and systematic efficiency. On a train, the conductor and trainmen move through their cars like maitre d's. It is their train not Amtrak's. And when the one millionth passenger tells them he left his check back at his seat, the conductor lectures, mock threatens, or jokes them about it, but mostly they get away with it because

the conductor know that they, like himself, are people, too and people don't like systems, even efficient ones.

I have tried to pass the family railroad tradition on to the next generation. My in-laws helped mightily, situating themselves for many years near the crossover of the Soo Line and the Milwaukee Road. The kids could run out of the house to the end of the drive and watch the freights and the passenger trains plowing through the cornfield across the road. Or we could walk down to where the Soo Line crossed and wait to count freight cars and maybe wave to an engineer or conductor. There are few more satisfying uses of numbers than for the counting of freight cars.

Some months ago, we boarded a Metro-liner at the head end. I showed my boys the engineer's cubicle and we went to our seats. We were on our way a bit when the conductor came by and asked if we were the ones who had been looking at the cab. I said yes and he said the engineer said we could come up now. We went forward. The engineer introduced himself said, yes,

he had known "Pocketbook Smith," the father of a friend of mine who had driven the big engines up and down the mainline for many years. In fact, he had fired for him. Then he took each of my sons in turn, placed them on his lap and let them blow the whistle. The digital speedometer read over 100 and I thought of the times I had wished I could somehow find myself in the cab of the GGI that was pulling us and blow its whistle. There are, I mused, some compensations to technological change.

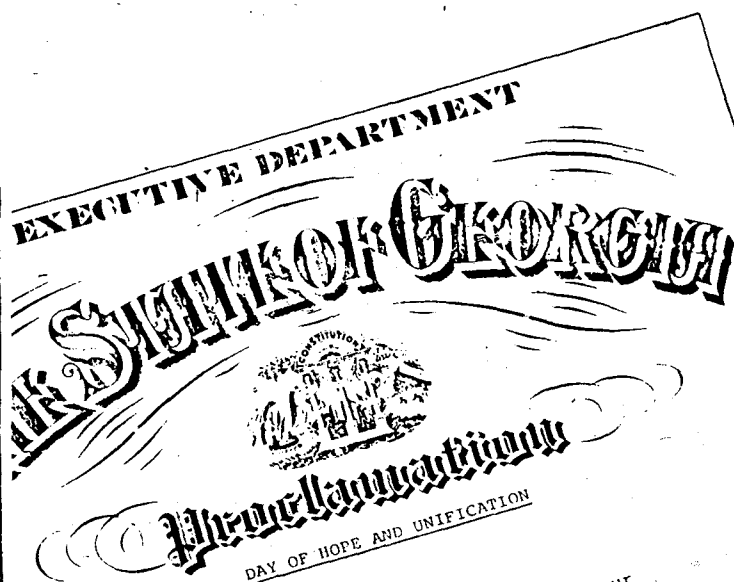
As we returned to our seats I could see in my son's faces a reassuring reflection of magic; the magic I had known when I was their age—and still find everytime I ride a train. It would continue.

SAM SMITH

**p.s.**

## Senate, in Moment of Amity, Votes \$35 Billion for Arms

— THE WASHINGTON POST



BY THE GOVERNOR:

WHEREAS:

Unity and understanding strengthen our communities, and growth in unity and harmony is beneficial to all our citizens; and

WHEREAS:

All responsible citizens should unite in their affirmation of our country's birth-right, and our national dedication and hope guaranteeing freedom for all men; and

WHEREAS:

The Reverend Sun Myung Moon has dedicated his life to increasing the worldwide understanding of hope and unity under God; and

WHEREAS:

Reverend Moon will visit Atlanta on November 6 - 9, 1973, encouraging our citizens to join together in progressing from our present world neighborhood to a world brotherhood encompassing hope and unity; now

THEREFORE:

I, Jimmy Carter, Governor of the State of Georgia, do hereby proclaim the day of November 7, 1973, as a "DAY OF HOPE AND UNIFICATION" throughout the great State of Georgia.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Seal of the Executive Department to be affixed. This 1st day of November, 1973

BY THE GOVERNOR  
Frank Moore  
Secretary, Executive Department

Uncovered by  
"Reliable Source"

ZODIAC news reports that there are three groups now working to keep alive the memory of Alferd Packer, the only American ever to be convicted of cannibalism. Packer was a Utah prospector who was trapped with an expedition of explorers in the Mountains of Colorado in the winter of 1874. When he emerged alive the following spring, alone, he was tried and convicted for having eaten his companions.

Several weeks ago students at the University of Colorado in Boulder celebrated "Alferd Packer Day" by naming a university restaurant and grill after him. The Packer Society continues to crusade for environmental causes in Colorado. The motto of this group is: "Take a Land Developer to Lunch." Not to be forgotten are the "Friends of Alferd Packer" in the Nation's Capital. This is a group of congressional staff members and lobbyists working in Washington under the motto: "Serving Our Fellow Man Since 1874."

"I would have lots of fights if I had another feller to fight 'em for me. But since I got to do my own fightin', I try not to have trouble. Same way with everybody. Make 'em do their own fightin' — and you do away with fightin'."

— from "Woody Sez," by Woody Guthrie